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Six pages in full color

For the children on Christmas Eve
A story by Mary Grannan

MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 22 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

What the Dead Sea scrolls mean to the Christian faith

A fascinating appraisal of one of the most exciting discoveries ever made . . . Page 7





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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 22, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 26

Editorial

We're not really the heroes of Suez

No one can guess the military outcome of the dreadful events recently set in motion in Central Europe and the Middle East.

No one can guess their final effect on the reputations of nations and Maclean's does not intend to try. But we do believe it desirable to examine with something like objectivity the growing notion that while a number of other nations have been behaving like fools and cut-throats Canada and Canada almost alone has been setting the world an example in wisdom and virtue.

For the creation of a United Nations police force, for the tiny spark of life relighted amid the ashes of collective security, Prime Minister St. Laurent and External Affairs Minister Pearson have been given a very generous degree of credit, both inside Canada and outside. Perhaps they deserve it as a testimonial to shrewdness and quick thinking in tight corners.

But we do not think it can be said that Canada's recent conduct has proved Canada to possess some special, higher set of principles or some special, higher degree of morality. We have certainly looked better than Great Britain, the United States and Soviet Russia, but then they have all had to face the temptations and terrors of great power, and we have not. Perhaps we have even looked better than Israel and Egypt, but then they have had to face the temptations and terrors of great weakness, and we have not.

The Egyptian crisis may very well have represented a genuine chance for Canada to make a real thing of its vaunted role as a bridge, a link, a respected middle power; to take this role beyond the stale orbit of speech-making and into the field of concrete and fruitful action. Our government had little warning of the British and French invasion of Egypt. But it had enough warning to have become aware that if the invasion went forward it would be an act of callousness and dangerous folly such as Britain had not embarked on in half a century.

If we had made a public announcement right then, before the invasion of Egypt began, that

we would not support the invasion in any way and that we would oppose it at least morally, we could have done no harm. We could not possibly, through such a declaration, have accelerated the invasion and we might conceivably have helped to postpone or prevent it. In any case, if we intend to go on posing as a link and interpreter between Britain and the world, we owe it to Britain, the world, and to Canada to say where we ourselves stand on primary issues.

But having taken no act to discourage the invasion, we went on to an even greater feat of pussyfooting when the invasion was debated in the United Nations Assembly. Canada abstained. We refused to vote for a U.S. motion for a cease-fire and withdrawal of all foreign troops from Egypt. We also refused to vote against the motion. The sum of this surely was that our government was not yet courageous or confident enough to take its rightfully allotted place, much less a special place, in the councils and decisions of the world.

Perhaps the root cause of this indecisiveness was lack of information. More likely, in this magazine's view, it was that we do not yet understand the meaning and chief obligations of loyalty. We abstained because we put loyalty to institutions ahead of loyalty to principles. We found that our loyalties to our two best friends, the United Kingdom and the United States, canceled each other out. And so, at a time when we might have helped to bring at least one of them to its senses, we did nothing, we abstained.

If we had remembered that moral judgments should be determined by (of all things) morality, we would without doubt have voted where our ideals and convictions and ultimate hopes commanded us to vote. Had we done so, we might still not have established ourselves as the influential nation we like to think we are. But we would have identified ourselves clearly as a nation that is not afraid to make its own judgments on questions of right and wrong and is not afraid to say right out loud what those judgments are.

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The cover

This is a segment of a large and dramatic canvas painted for Maclean's by James Hill. It is reproduced in full on pages 8 and 9. The painting depicts the burial of the Dead Sea scrolls whose discovery 2,000 years later has thrown new light on the Bible.



Meet Harry Arger and his Vodka Surprise

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| juice of 2 limes | ice cubes |

stir

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

NAPIER MOORE SAYS

A Canadian health plan won't work

A 58-year-old widow came out of a Greenwich hospital. Less than two hundred yards from its portal, and against its wall, she collapsed with a heart attack. A bystander ran into the hospital and told the porter. The porter didn't fetch a doctor. He phoned for an ambulance which had to make a twenty-minute journey. In the meantime, the woman lay on the pavement. When finally she was carried into the hospital she was dead.

Why didn't the porter get a doctor? Why couldn't the woman be carried into the hospital right away? Regulations, that's why. The rules did not permit staff to go outside to carry in sick or injured persons.

A member of parliament reported the case to the ministry of health. There was talk of an enquiry. Hardly a day goes by without talk of an enquiry into this or that red-tape entanglement of Britain's National Health Service.

In Canada there seems to be fairly widespread belief that National Health Service is the next big social-security step this country should undertake. The Ottawa government has been cagey about any well-defined commitment. Some of the provincial governments seem a trifle uneasy about the far-reaching federal power that would be entailed. But no political party dares to oppose the principle.

The crippling drain of bills

As a Canadian who has spent considerable time in England and who has made a point of observing the functioning of Britain's National Health Service, it is my opinion that Canadians who want a similar scheme should ponder its weaknesses as well as its advantages.

The British scheme has now been functioning eight years, after five years of planning, and it isn't right yet. Health-ministry officials assert that ninety-seven percent of the people have chosen a doctor within the scheme, that nearly all doctors, dentists, opticians and pharmacists have joined it, and that for the first time in their lives a great many people are receiving necessary care. I am fully aware of its benefits, the most important of which is that to the average English family illness need no longer be accompanied by the dread of financial disaster; that an individual can receive prolonged attention without the crippling drain of resources by medical and hospital bills.

From the standpoint of the individual the plan also has its flaws.

Apart from the question of cost,



Mr. Moore is a veteran journalist and former editor of Maclean's. He spends half of each year in England and the rest in Canada and Nassau.

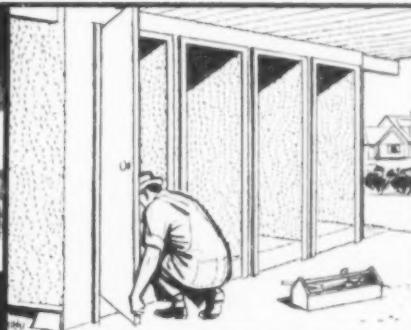
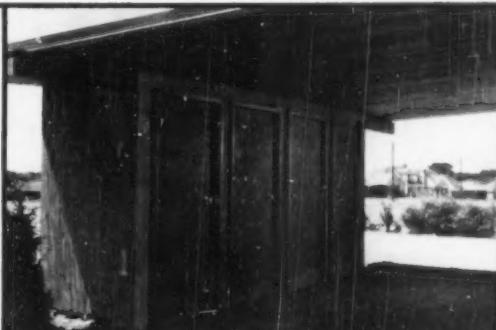
which is astronomical, the faults in Britain's Health Service are the same as are apparent in that country's nationalized railways and coal mining. The concomitants of nationalization are ever-growing administration bureaucracies, the endless multiplication of restrictions, the passing of responsibility from one department to another, and, in many cases, the lassitude of employees who, because they are working directly or indirectly for the state, develop a couldn't-care-less attitude. All of which, I regret to say, the British masses meekly accept. Accustomed for years to necessary wartime regimentation, and weary, they took to postwar socialist regimentation as ducks take to water. Today they still line up in queues for the privilege of being pushed around.

Pushing around seems to be epidemic when national and local boards are concerned. In the country the farmer is embittered by agricultural councils that tell him what he must and must not do. In the cities tenants of council-owned houses have been threatened with eviction for having a hedge taller than the permitted three feet, for building a rose trellis not according to uniform design, for growing flowers not according to plan. In many cases they are not allowed to keep a dog. A Conservative government may be in power at Whitehall, but the tyrannies of regimentation, so dear to the socialists, persist. They are present in the Health Service.

Mind you, if you think of socialized medicine in the sense that it is the offspring of the former socialist government alone, you are in error. It was under the Labor administration that the service was inaugurated, but a coalition government was responsible for Sir William Beveridge embarking upon *continued on page 32*

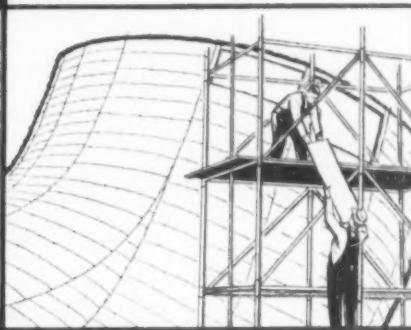
Some ideas—and free plans—for fir plywood projects

car ports



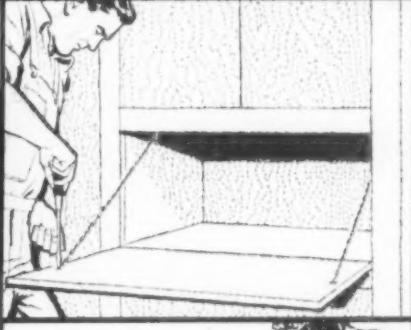
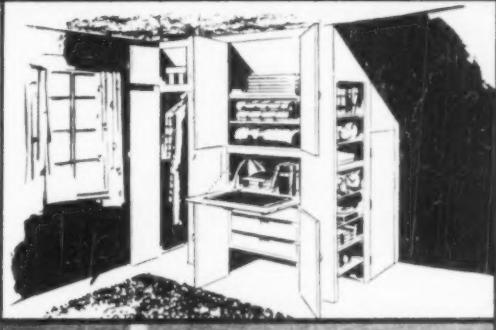
Fir plywood stands up to all weathers with the help of a special waterproof glue, which binds it strongly together. Plywood is obtainable in a number of standard thicknesses, up to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Large, light-weight panels reduce framing work and form a rigid, air-tight wall. Easy-to-follow plans available for car port (No. 6), outdoor storage wall (No. 3) and garden cabinet (No. 10).

technical data



Remarkable strength for its weight is one of many reasons why engineers and architects are using fir plywood more and more. Beam and stressed skin panel designs are analysed in the *Technical Handbook*, and concrete form work in another illustrated booklet. Data available on wall sheathing, roof decking, sub-flooring, glues, C.S.A. specifications, thermal conductivity, vapour transmission and acoustics.

attic and basement rooms



Turn a sloping upstairs ceiling, or an awkward corner of the basement, into one of the most useful storage places in the house with plywood! The plan for an under-eave built-in (No. 4) gives you ample closet space, desk, drawers, cabinets and shelves. There are plans, too, for a child's storage wall (closet, dresser, toy space (No. 7); and a flexible storage wall (No. 11).

boats



Waterproof glue fir plywood is excellent for boat-building because it is strong and durable, and reduces joints to a minimum. Stock-sized panels are 4 ft. x 8 ft., but you can get them on special order, scarf-jointed, up to 50 ft. long. Plans for 20 ft. sailboat, 13½ ft. outboard, 13½ ft. inboard, 11½ or 9 ft. skiff, and 7 ft. 9 in. pram dinghy. Information about other plans available from the Plywood Association.

extra storage space



Plywood resists warping, will not split, covers large areas with a single sheet. These properties, together with attractive appearance, make it ideal for furniture and built-ins. Get ideas from booklet *Douglas Fir Plywood Built-ins*. Plans for demountable music wall (No. 1), sectional storage wall (No. 9), island entry wall (No. 8), music and TV centre (No. 12), shelf-door wardrobe (No. 2) and odds and ends cabinet (No. 5).

Get these plans free from your lumber dealer. See your bank manager for information about home improvement loans.

Plywood Manufacturers Association of B.C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.

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AT 78 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN went to France in his country's service.



AT 79 PADEREWSKI was still a master of the piano, giving concerts before large audiences.

Will your later years be ones of achievement and contentment?

IF YOU THINK about the many contributions which older people have made to the world . . . you realize how rewarding life's later years can be.

Today, more people than ever are proving that the years beyond 65 are not years to be *idly spent* . . . they are years to be *actively enjoyed*!

What will your later years be like? That is a good question to think about, because ever-increasing numbers of us are living to reach "the elderly bracket." Already there are nearly a million and a quarter Canadians aged 65 and older.

If you want your later years to be healthy, happy, active ones . . . and who does not? . . . here are some important things which you should begin to do now:

1. Adopt the right outlook on aging. Do not worry about old age. Worry will not delay it; more likely this will hasten it. Face up squarely to the problems of aging . . . and plan your life so you can meet future challenges.

2. Broaden your horizons as you grow older. "Mental adventure," whether it be in absorbing hobbies or in activities devoted to helping others, will stand you in good stead during your leisure years. "To learn what is new is to remain young."

3. Take stock of your health. Complete medical check-ups annually after

you are 35 or 40, can help assure you a healthier life in your later years. It is during this middle period of life that your doctor can do most to help you avoid or lessen the effects of many diseases, including heart and blood vessel disorders. These usually begin after middle age.

Not the least of the benefits which you will get from regular visits to your doctor is medical advice about what you should and should not do as you get along in years.

You may have slipped into some bad health habits unknowingly . . . like overeating or not eating enough of the protective foods . . . or not getting enough exercise and sleep. These may seem like small matters to you . . . but *good living habits pay off, and you cannot start them too early.*

Look at the older people around you who have mastered the art of growing old gracefully. Find out what they have done to achieve health and happiness in the sunset years. You may learn a lot that will help you.

Indeed, you may live to echo the sentiments of an 80-year-old man who said; "I'm not 80. I'm just 4 times 20!"

Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Future and You*.



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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

"Eden dared when others dithered"

To those of us who sit in the British House of Commons the memory of the Suez intervention by France and Britain will linger to the end of our days. For a time at the height of the crisis it seemed as if the crowds in the streets might get out of hand, but fortunately the good humor of London's mounted police and the imperturbability of their horses won the day. It is true that Mr. Aneurin Bevan complained to parliament of the use of police horses but no one paid much attention. To the British a horse is almost a sacred animal.

Inevitably at such a time the British people are moved by emotionalism rather than reason. We all remember how they cheered Neville Chamberlain on his return from Munich and stormed Downing Street and its environs to cheer and weep and wave. It is quite true that now the word "Munich" has become a synonym for "cowardice" and "indecision," but crowds are like that. But when Sir Anthony Eden and the French government intervened to prevent the spread of the Israel-Arab war, the indignation of the British public was at boiling point. No wonder we had to order out the mounted police.

I have always known that Anthony Eden was tough but the strain that he was under would have broken a man of iron. Day after day he had to face the socialist opposition, which was not only inflamed with wrath but was spurred on with the wild hope that there would be a break in the Conservative Party and that the Queen would send for Gaitskell to form a

government and thus save civilization. There was not a day's respite for the prime minister. Parliament even took the unprecedented step of sitting on Saturday. But at least we MPs had Sunday off while Sir Anthony's twenty-four-hour ordeal went on.



The newsmakers, French Premier Guy Mollet and Eden. "The strain would have broken a man of iron."

Nor was he spared the dagger thrust from within his own camp. The tall, good-looking, well-groomed Anthony Nutting, minister of state for foreign affairs, chose this moment to resign as a protest against Eden's policy. Not even the rather foolish smoke-room joke, "Out of Nutting nutting comes," could hide the harm that the resignation had done to the prime minister.

But that was the only defection. The British Tories are pretty tough and like all political parties they number some out-and-out careerists in their ranks, but they rallied firmly to Eden in this crisis.

Sir Anthony, however, was faced by a much more powerful opponent than the melancholy Nutting. Not long ago I described the anti-government campaign of the Daily Mirror mass-circulation group. The attacks at that time however were mere malignant pleasantries compared with the onslaught against Eden when he sent out forces to the Middle East.

I do not know what Eden is made of but the strain must have been unbearable. Yet each day as he rose to speak to the House he never faltered for a word and was never thrown off his guard by an interjection *continued on page 46*



The news of the invasion of Egypt sparked giant headlines. Most of Bax's constituents opposed Eden.

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Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa



Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

Where can Ottawa spend its hoarded half-billion?

This Christmas Ottawa is a frustrated Santa Claus. With something more than six hundred million goodies in his pack — the expected budget surplus for the current fiscal year — Santa can't find nearly enough stockings to put them in.

Tax cuts for the full amount, however welcome they might seem, would bring a considerable threat of inflation, a sudden boost of more than half a billion dollars in purchasing power with no corresponding increase in goods available to buy. On the other hand, it's unorthodox in an election year simply to put the surplus in the bank and go on taxing for another one. Voters prefer to think their money is being used for something they want, not just to reduce the national debt for posterity.

So Ottawa is on the look-out for earmarks, pilot projects, call them what you will — anything for which money can be allocated without being instantly spent. Strange as it may seem, these opportunities for major capital investment at the government level are not proving easy to find.

* * *

One region that leaps to mind when capital development is discussed is, of course, the Atlantic provinces — the Maritimes and Newfoundland. Hundreds of millions in public funds have been spent or lent to develop other parts of Canada in recent years, with projects like the St. Lawrence Sea-

way and the trans-Canada pipeline. Nothing proportionate has been done for the Atlantic region.

Ottawa would like to correct this imbalance. Hon. Robert H. Winters is minister of public works as well as MP for Lunenburg, N.S., and a devoted Maritimer. He has repeatedly made, and Prime Minister St. Laurent has echoed, invitations to Maritime spokesmen to bring to Ottawa any ideas they may have for development of their native land. The implication is that if money is all that's needed, that will be no obstacle.

So far there has been amazingly little response. New Brunswick has a hydro-electric project in mind but it presents serious engineering problems, as well as the doubt that a sound hydro project should need help anyway. Otherwise, a typical Maritime reaction has been, "If Ottawa would make its suggestion more specific, we'd be delighted to discuss it." The fact that Ottawa is inviting suggestions, not making them, is glossed over.

Some of the plans that have been proposed are pretty fantastic. One, for instance, was that Cape Breton coal mining should be subsidized to make it cheap enough to sell to the French government as fuel for new steam-power plants in St. Pierre and Miquelon islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. France would then build an aluminum plant there, using the cheap power provided by Cape Breton's subsidized coal. Thus the Canadian taxpayer **continued on page 44**

The advertisement features a large, stylized illustration of a woman's face in profile, looking towards the left. Her hair is depicted as a dense pattern of circles, and her eyes are represented by small circles. She wears a wide-brimmed hat with a dotted band. Below the illustration, the word "WOMEN" is written in a large, decorative, serif font. To the right of "WOMEN", the word "ON THEIR TOES" is written in a smaller, stylized, slanted font. At the bottom of the illustration, the word "READ" is printed in a bold, sans-serif font. Below the illustration, the title "Chatelaine" is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font. Underneath "Chatelaine", the text "EVERY MONTH • ONLY 20 CENTS" is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font. The entire advertisement is set against a dark background.



When Santa runs short of shopping time ...

HE TURNS TO THE B OF M

If you, too, are a harried Santa Claus, caught in the Christmas rush without enough time to shop for all your gifts . . . take a deep breath and relax. Just follow Santa to the nearest branch of the B of M, where you can solve your Christmas shopping problems with a few strokes of a pen.

There is a practical B of M gift for everyone on your last-minute Christmas list . . . for friends, aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews and nieces — or for your own youngsters, or your grandchildren, as an extra special gift. So drop into your neighbourhood B of M branch today.

See if it doesn't restore that cheery Christmas chuckle to your gift-giving.

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Gaily decorated B of M Christmas Cheques are the ideal short-cut to shopping for the hard-to-please, to acknowledge services rendered, and to put a seasonal lift into the youngsters' savings accounts.



People like to receive a practical B of M money order in its special colourful Christmas envelope because it enables them to select exactly what they prefer. It saves you needless guesswork and disappointment. An especially practical gift for servicemen at home and abroad.



Note to Employers:
Brighten up your staff's Christmas bonuses by using colourful B of M Christmas cheques.



What the Dead Sea scrolls mean to the Christian faith



**When this lost library
was unearthed it gave rise
to some fascinating—
and disturbing—questions:
would these 2,000-year-old
writings contradict the Bible?
Would they challenge or diminish
the importance of Christ?
Here, after ten years' study,
are some of the answers**

BY ERIC HUTTON

By next year scholars and sightseers in Montreal may be admitted to part of the world's oldest and most controversial sacred library, housed permanently in a hall that has been air-conditioned, not for human comfort but because a special climate is needed to preserve these most fragile of books—the Dead Sea scrolls.

Canada's share of the scrolls, which has been described with dramatic simplicity as "most of the contents of Qumran Cave IV," was not acquired by so prosaic a means as purchase. Rather

Continued over page

Maclean's CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



As the Roman legions sacked and burned, the Essenes fled their flaming monastery. In ear-

The Dead Sea scrolls

continued

it was ransomed from Arab cave pirates for twenty thousand dollars put up by the John Henry Birks Foundation on behalf of McGill University.

The Dead Sea documents comprise about four hundred manuscripts in ancient Hebrew and Aramaic script, mostly written on leather squares sewn together to form scrolls a foot or less wide and ten to twenty feet long. Their condition ranges from almost perfect to little more than a crumble of fragments. They have been discovered, first in 1947 and continuing at unpredictable but electrifying intervals until a few weeks ago, in almost inaccessible caves on the rough barren western shore of the Dead Sea. As archaeologists and Biblical scholars reconstruct their dramatic

story, the scrolls were the two-thousand-year-old religious library and archives of the Essenes, a hitherto little-known religious movement of ancient Israel with headquarters on the shore of the Dead Sea. The majority of the scrolls are copies of books of the Old Testament, handwritten with reed pens by Essene scribes from still older copies of pre-Christian scripture.

The Old Testament is a collection of writings about the tribes of Israel and Judah, their political and religious history, their sacred songs, their laws and customs, the biographies and sayings of a number of their leaders and prophets. Scholars are in general agreement that there is no certainty as to who wrote the various books of the



ery. In earthenware jars they carried their sacred library up the hills to the nearby caves—their hiding place for 2,000 years.

This graphic scene of the burial of the Dead Sea scrolls was painted for Maclean's by James Hill.

Old Testament, although many of these are confidently labeled, such as the "Book of Samuel" or the "Song of Solomon." It is thought that the books of the Old Testament were written by their authors, or in some cases compiled from word-of-mouth legends, over a span of about seven hundred and fifty years, beginning with the assembly of Genesis about 900 B.C. and ending with the Book of Daniel about 150 B.C. Some time after the last date—again there is no agreement on precisely when—the Jewish religious leaders selected twenty-four books as the "canon" or fixed religious authority. The early Christians accepted the Old Testament as the first part of their religious literature (dividing it into thirty-nine sec-

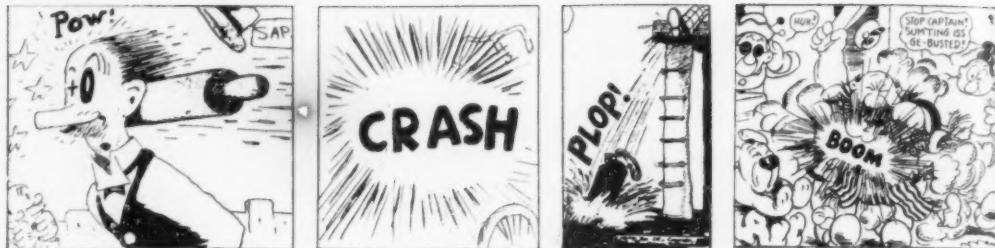
tions, however) and added the New Testament as the Christian fulfillment of the older faith.

From earliest times these scriptural works were "published" for use in temples, synagogues or by individuals by being hand-copied by scribes on sheets of leather, parchment or papyrus. Understandably, because they were in regular use and were of perishable material, the original manuscripts and subsequent copies for many generations did not survive, and none were known or believed to exist older than copies made in the ninth and tenth centuries A.D.—until the chance discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls. These scrolls are for the most part books of the Old Testament, one or more copies each of the historic works

accepted by the Jewish religious leaders as their religious literature. They survived apparently because they were hidden and remained undisturbed for nearly two thousand years in one of the world's driest climates.

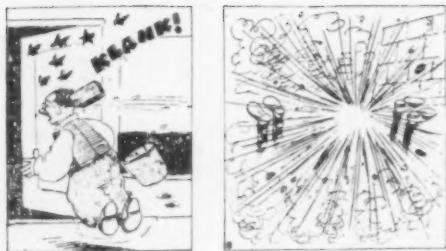
At the time they were hidden some of the scrolls were as much as a century old; that is, they had been transcribed painstakingly a hundred years before by scribes copying from still older manuscripts. Others of the Dead Sea scrolls were so new at the time they were left in the cave they were still in process of being lettered by Essene scribes when the alarm was sounded at the approach of Roman legions in the fateful spring of 68 A.D. Thus some of the *continued on page 34*

To today's blasé kids
yesterday's comics might have
seemed corny and uncomic.
But here's a nostalgic vote for
old times from an addict who
still thinks Happy Hooligan was
a riot. He asks fondly



Remember when the comics w





A Maclean's flashback By Bill Stephenson

s were funny?



Happy Hooligan



That Son-In-Law of Pa's



Krazy Kat



Tillie the Toiler

Whoever named the 1920s The Roaring Twenties may have been thinking of the commotion that often arose when some child or adult of the time turned to the comic section of his newspaper. Whether these funnies really were roaringly funny, or only seemed that way to prejudiced addicts, is difficult to say. But there is little doubt that placing a good funny page of the Twenties alongside today's typical roster of sex, mystery, romance, cowboy and crime "comic strips" would be roughly akin to matching a Marx Brothers romp against *Dragnet*.

Today's kids follow the mannerisms, dress and mores of their own idols like Flash Gordon, the Lone Ranger, Superman, Dick Tracy or even Bugs Bunny. But it is debatable whether they have as much fun as their elders did in similar pursuits. What parent faced with a youngster yearning for a Junior Space Helmet and accessories can help contrasting this with the simple pleasure to be obtained in his boyhood at learning to walk or even run with a tin can balanced on his head, just like Happy Hooligan?

How many city-bred citizens remember when they firmly believed that all horses—like Barney Google's famous Spark Plug—had soulful eyes, ankle-length yellow blankets, and feet like loaves of bread?

The people of the late Twenties were among the last to know comic pages designed with the intention of making them laugh. But even these had serious items. Little Orphan Annie, who started out as a little boy orphan in 1920, was certainly not funny. Mutt Stebbins, hero of *Just Kids*, and Ben Webster with his dog Briar had many moments of pathos. Toots and Casper for years searched for Elsie, the lost sweetheart of their rich Uncle Everett, during which nothing was held back that might wring a furtive tear from the eye of the beholder.

But until 1929 the non-comical strips were kept to an absolute minimum on the funny page. The New York Daily News and the Chicago Tribune, which ran the same comics for years, had Little Orphan Annie as the only serious strip among such comic stalwarts as Moon Mullins, Winnie Winkle, Gasoline Alley, The Gumps, Smitty and Harold Teen, all of which have been durable enough to carry into the jet era. Harold Teen was known as Seventeen till Daily News publisher Captain Joseph Medill Patterson—believed to be the willing model for Annie's rich, kind Daddy Warbucks—decreed the change.

The Toronto Star carried no serious comics in its Canada-wide weekly edition up to 1929, and

only two in the daily. The Hearst newspaper chain, whose comics spanned the globe via the King Features Syndicate, had no uncomical strips in its two New York dailies in the Twenties.

But in 1929—a fateful year for finance—the funnies too felt the first nudgings of a chill elbow that would eventually push them into a minor corner of the comic page. What caused the about-face at this time? Did the start of the Depression mean the end of the comic era? Or was the change merely a reflection of a world where comedy no longer had a place?

If the latter were so, then the world had undergone more than a financial upheaval. For more than thirty years the comics had had a strong influence on much of what the world said, did or thought. Books, songs and films were written about comic-strip characters as if they were real. Billy Rose, casting about for a famous person to name a song after, picked Barney Google, With His Goo-goo-googly Eyes, and prospered. Jiggs' opinion of corned beef and cabbage or the opera, or Boots' (of *Boots and Her Buddies*) choice for a dance frock, were of far greater import than any learned pronouncement on these matters.

When Alice White brought Dixie Dugan to the screen and Jackie Cooper portrayed Skippy box offices hustled.

How great an effect comics had on the English language may never be known, because strip talk was so quickly absorbed into current slang it was hard to know who started it and who copied.

Billy DeBeck, who drew *Barney Google*, and who invented expressions like "So I took the fifty thousand dollars," "the heebie jeebies" and "Horsefeathers!" ran into this problem when he first put the term "Sweet mama!" into his strip. His editor asked him what it meant since the girl, though pretty, was no mother. DeBeck confessed he didn't know, but it just sounded right. Two weeks after publication of the strip when it was on everyone's lips he used his newly minted expression again, and was complimented by a friend on his talent for picking up vivid new bits of slang—that one "Sweet mama!" for example.

Bud Fisher, of *Mutt and Jeff*, is credited with inventing "fall guy," "piker" and "I got his goat." It is also probable that he first publicly used substitutes for swearing like "gosh," "heck" and "darn it." Fisher was the first artist whose strips were shown around the world, and so was among the first to find that of all art forms comics were most closely limited by local and national taboos of religion, language and custom.

Foxy Grandpa, Buster continued on page 41

For dullards who don't remember when you laughed at comics Bill Stephenson has condescended to identify the old-time giants. Starting with *The Yellow Kid* (1896), who wore his words on his nightshirt, they developed in a classic pattern of innocent mayhem, fractured English, marital strife and loud humor up to 1929. Then (\$%#Curses!!!) realism took over and animals even ceased to talk

A MOVING NEW PORTRAYAL OF the Nativity story



Angels read comics between takes.



Valentine Boss checks make-up.

Montreal schoolchildren

act out the drama of the birth and adoration of Christ

as a 600-year-old

mystery play becomes a colorful motion picture

Text by Pierre Berton and photographs by Egon Orssagh

The pictures on these and the following pages are from an astonishing new motion picture that retells the familiar story of the events leading up to the birth and adoration of Jesus. The tale, of course, is older than Christmas, and the dialogue, in this version, was written six centuries ago. But the forty-six actors are the youngest ever chosen to portray the characters in a mediaeval mystery play. Their average age is eight years; the oldest is twelve, the youngest just six weeks.

The half-hour film, which will be televised in black and white by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on Sunday, December 23, was made last summer in Mont-

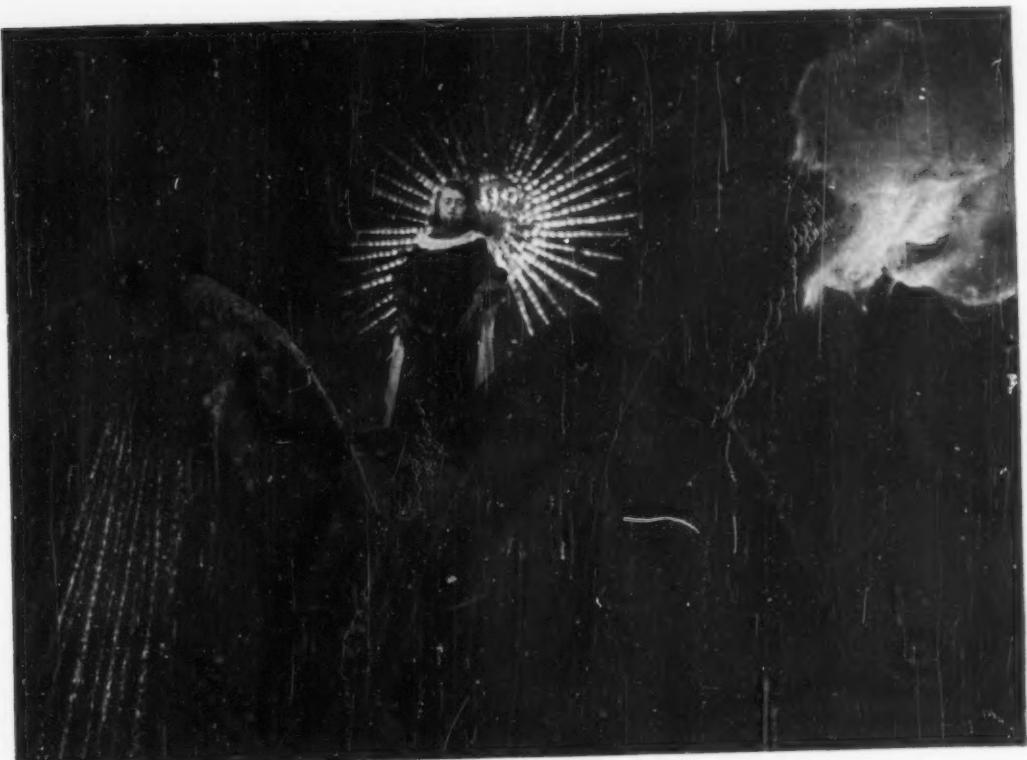
real by the National Film Board. The children, recruited from Montreal schools, worked for more than two months, from eight to five daily, learning lines written in the archaic tongue of fourteenth-century Britain. Their only pay was a promise that they could eat all they wanted to in the NFB cafeteria, a concession that virtually cleaned out the toffee and peanut supplies. They also helped paint and design the scenery, and managed, in the midst of it all, to appear in a television version of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Although children have for years been acting at Christmastime in such fairy tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk*, **continued on page 30**



A five-year-old boy took part of Adam.

Nativity story in pictures on next five pages ▶



1 God appears at play's opening to tell story of Creation. Part was played by a nine-year-old girl. Children helped build scenery.



2 Heavenly twins symbolize other two figures in Holy Trinity. These four-year-olds had to learn lines in Latin.

Film opens with the story of creation



3 A view of Paradise with Adam and Eve appears. In one day while cameras were being adjusted and scene being shot, Adam managed to eat twenty-five apples.

Continued over page ➤

The Nativity story continued

"Hail, Mary, full of grace and bliss!
Of all women, blessed shalt thou be!"

4 Gabriel appears before Mary in Annunciation scene modeled after the Renaissance painting by Piero della Francesca.



5 Angels (with especially devised plastic wings) look down as Gabriel descends from Heaven to Mary.



6 The whole Nativity set is revealed, with Heaven on the upper tier and earth below as Gabriel speaks to Mary: "Conceive and bear a child shalt thou: He shall be God: God's son, I trow."

◀

6



7 Mary and Joseph reach Bethlehem seeking shelter. Mary comforts Joseph: "Come, Joseph, be of good cheer. Don't be forlorn! Know well the time is near, Christ will be born."



8 Two shepherds (left) see angel approaching but third, put into mediaeval plays for comic relief, doesn't get the idea.

"Unto you is born this day a saviour which is Christ"



9 Awestruck shepherd: "As long as we have herdsmen been, so strange a sight we've never seen."



10 The angels begin to sing "Gloria in Excelsis." Then they announce the birth of Jesus.



11 "Brothers be all blithe and glad; such good luck shepherds never had!" Following the star in the East, the three herdsmen approach the manger bearing their simple gifts: a brooch, a tin bell, a hazelnut and a horn spoon.

"All this journey for a child? I never heard of such a thing! King of Judee? Nay, I am king, and none but I!"



12 Scene shifts to Herod's court. The evil king is indulging in boasts when news comes that three wise men are in town seeking a new-born babe.



13 A soldier flatters Herod: "All kings to thy crown must prostrate bend."

Continued over page



The Nativity story continued

"Tis said a bairn is born who shall be King and
Lord to comfort the forlorn...we shall haste to bring thee word—
Truth of that Child, both seen and heard!"

14 Herod's son, played by a four-year-old boy, joins in flattery of king, saying he would "fall in fair fight" anyone who opposed his sire.



15 Counselor, emerging from the set, advises Herod to listen carefully to wise men so he may detect the whereabouts of infant King Jesus.

16 Three wise men (or kings) pay homage to Herod but reveal that their main purpose is to pay a deeper homage to Herod's newly born rival.



17 Second counselor advises Herod to hold his temper and disarm the kings so they won't be warned of his real intent.



18 As kings leave, Herod vows that when they return with news of Jesus both they and the infant shall be foully slain.





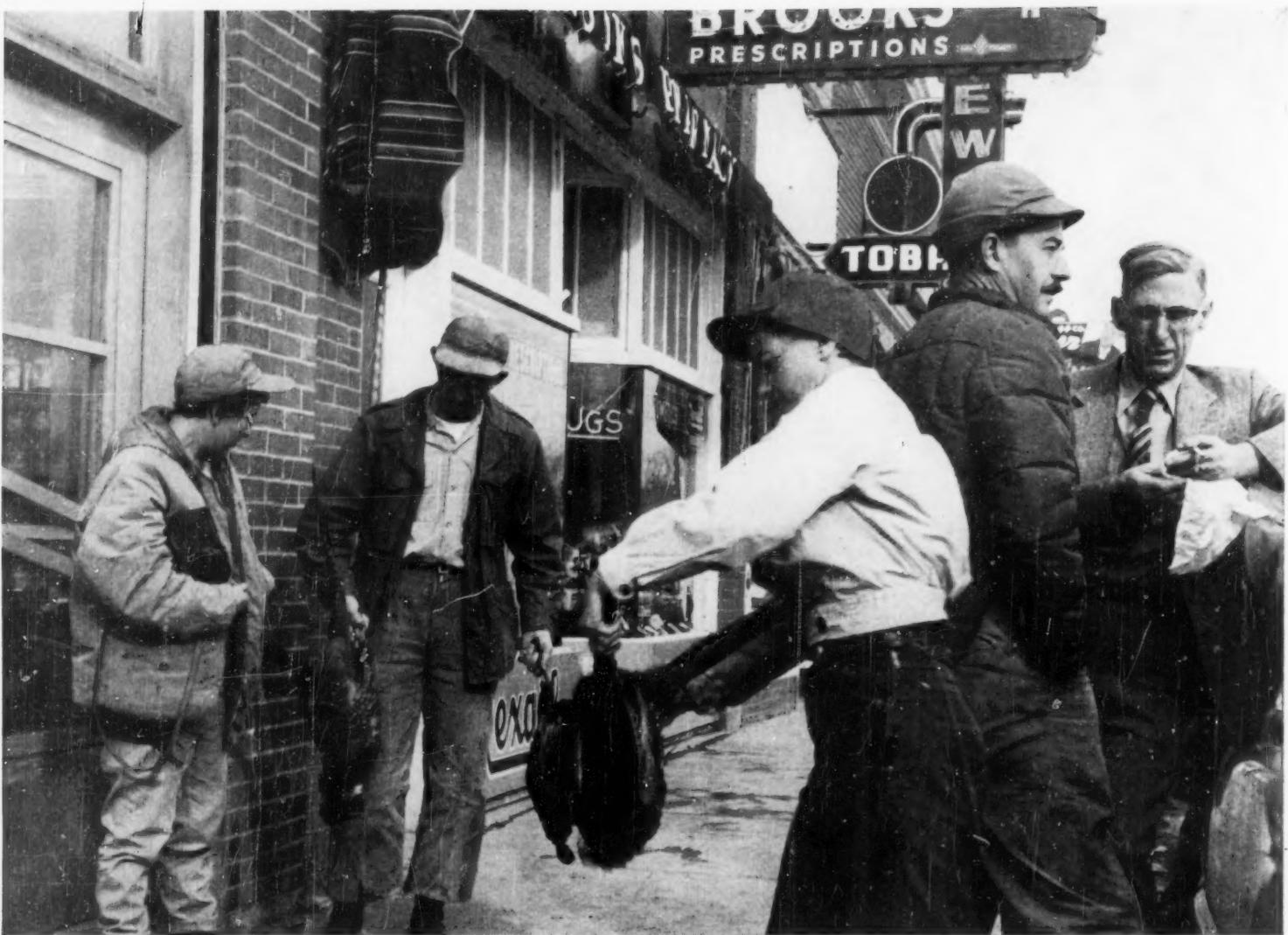
19 The third king, played by a twelve-year-old from a Montreal working district, raises his hands in exultation as star of Bethlehem leads trio to the manger: "Look, sirs, I see it stand above where He is born!"

"Hail! Fairest one the world ever will find. Hail!

Thou art come to unbind all the fell bonds of sin which offend us!"

20 "Hail, child foreordained our sorrows to bear!" The Adoration scene ends film and stars a six-weeks-old baby as the infant Jesus.





Prize birds make a show in the streets as 12,000 hunters crowd town of Brooks. Mrs. W. O. Mitchell admires pheasants shot by Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Swanson of Seattle.

The west's happiest hunting ground



Unique hat made of pheasant feathers is one of the souvenirs of the shoot for women hunters and a money-maker for Brooks women—they bring \$25 apiece.



Town fête for visitors is the Hunters' Ball, where it's a social error for a girl to refuse a dance. Townsfolk also billet and feed the overflow of hunters.

Most of the year Brooks, Alberta, slumbers on the prairie.

But for one month it's a carnival, shooting gallery and crossroads for the rich and the famous — all because one resident once brought home a handful of pheasant eggs

By McKenzie Porter

PHOTOS BY HARRY ROWED

Strange and exciting things have been happening in Alberta during the past twenty years. But not all of them have been so widely publicized as the discovery of huge new oil and gas fields, the success of sugar-beet crops, the tenacity of the Social Credit government and the establishment in Calgary of a vodka distillery. The fact that the little town of Brooks, Alberta, halfway between Calgary and Medicine Hat, has become the centre of the best pheasant-hunting country in North America, has, for example, gone almost unnoticed.

Most people aboard the CPR transcontinental express that whistles through Brooks each evening at a contemptuous seventy miles an hour see in its four streets of stores, offices, banks and service stations, its three small hotels and several small restaurants, its movie theatre, curling rink, Elks' Hall and inevitable grain elevator little to distinguish it from any other prairie community of twenty-four hundred.

But Brooks to sportsmen is like Mecca to Mohammedans. Thirty-three years ago there wasn't a pheasant within a hundred miles of the town. Today, within half an hour's drive, there are a quarter of a million. All are descended largely from sixty eggs imported into Brooks from California in 1923 by a CPR employee named E. R. Jones. During the mid-October to mid-November season some seventy-five thousand cocks are available as targets.

As a result Brooks is now invaded each fall by twelve thousand men and hundreds of women hunters from every corner of the earth. Millionaires and movie stars arrive in automobiles, station wagons, trailers, chartered aircraft and private railroad cars. With guns and dogs, the hunters pack every hotel, motel and lodge, overflow into hundreds of family homes, line up at restaurants from 4:30 in the morning until midnight and leave behind a small fortune.

Three quarters of them are well-to-do Americans. One hunter this year was Alexander Kerr, California skeet-shooting champion and owner of a Hollywood sporting-goods store that sells fifteen-hundred-dollar shotguns to Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Robert Mitchum and Alan Ladd. Kerr said: "I have hunted pheasant all over North America and Europe but I have never found a place to beat Brooks."

The lure of Brooks reaches out to pheasant hunters far beyond our shores. This year the winner of the prize the town awards to the hunter traveling the greatest distance was William Short, owner of a hotel in Wairoa, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand. Until his death a few years ago Rt. Hon. William Dudley-Ward, a courtier at Buckingham Palace and father of the English actress Penelope Dudley-Ward, maintained his own small house at Brooks so he could be sure of a place to stay during the pheasant season.

The problem of accommodation is so acute that a few years ago John David Eaton, president of Canada's T. Eaton Company and a regular hunter at Brooks, had to pitch a tent in the postmaster's pasture.

The blood-sport boom at Brooks is the unexpected result of an irrigation scheme started in 1912 to help save large **continued on page 49**



Wary cow eyes hunter in a stubble field. Some farmers complain that inept marksmen pepper livestock.



Wily pheasants — noisy and erratic in flight — are a tough target. There are 250,000 in Brooks area.



Full bag in trailer rack is inspected by RCMP officer. Each hunter is allowed five birds a day



HOW CAN SANTA FIND ME?

WRITER MARY GRANNAN AND ILLUSTRATOR OSCAR CAHEN

PRESENT A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY FOR PARENTS TO READ TO CHILDREN

It's about a circus girl called Karen who is scared Santa Claus won't know she can't be home for Christmas

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIMMED. The chatter and the rustle died down. The great audience at Pirandello's Circus sensed that the parade was about to begin. The trumpets blared and a dozen clowns tumbled to the sawdust. Ten thousand voices cheered as the dazzling spectacle unwound itself from the dark recesses of the stadium. Pirandello had surpassed himself.

The cowboys waved scarlet ten-gallon hats from the backs of their prancing palominos. The brightly colored denim-wagons of the leopards were wreathed in holly. The camel, who walked haughtily on pancake feet, carried Christmas candles on his hump. Tinker, master clown of the show, cavorted behind the dignified animal, a pigeon fluttering on every finger. The people laughed at his comical antics but the applause was thunderous when the elephants lumbered into view. Upright in the trunk of each was a small Christmas tree dripping with tinsel and tiny toys.

The little girl who sat alone at the rail, ringside centre, smiled happily at the passing parade. She was Karen Cardoni, small daughter of The Flying Cardonis, the stars of the show. Although Karen had seen the parade hundreds of times, it was not until tonight that she had seen it in its new Christmas splendor. She bounced up and down in delight. With each fresh burst of approval from the audience, little Karen beamed with pride. These were her

people who were being cheered. The cowboys, acrobats, equestriennes, wire-walkers, animal trainers, bandsmen and clowns were her friends. Tinker was her favorite, of course. Tinker knew how to talk to a little circus girl who was often lonely for playmates of her own age. She helped Tinker to clean his pigeon cotes, and sometimes he allowed her to handle the birds. Tinker said she had a way with pigeons.

The old clown was approaching now. He was very elegant in his oversized pantaloons of ruby satin. His cone-shaped matching cap had a sprig of mistletoe on its point. The grin on his chalk-white face widened when he saw his little friend at the rail. He flicked his forefinger, and the pigeon who perched there spread her wings and flew to Karen. The bird sank her red-booted feet into the little girl's golden curls and settled down on the child's head like a feathered bonnet.

Karen laughed. "Hello, Winnie May,"



she said, bending forward a little and rolling her eyes upward, in an effort to see her lovely visitor. "Are you happy tonight, Winnie May? I am. Do you know something? The show closes tonight, and we're going home."

"Ooah cooo-cooo-coo," said Winnie May in protest.

"Oh, but we are," said Karen. "We're going home to the farm, and I'll see my Grandmother Cardoni, and she'll kiss me on the nose to make me laugh, Winnie May, and she'll have cookies in her pantry and real strawberry jam in her cellar, but best of all, she'll have a Christmas tree in the corner for me. And I'll hang my stocking over the fireplace on Christmas Eve and Santa Claus will come and fill it. And there'll be presents, too, under the tree. And there'll be turkey for dinner. And we'll go to the little church at the crossroads and sing Christmas hymns. I could sing one for you now, Winnie May, but the band is so loud, you'd miss the lovely words about the Babe in the manger, and besides you'd better go back to Tinker. He'll be needing you in a little while. The parade is over. The show's going to begin."

Winnie May left the now breathless little Karen to join the clown. She wished in her pigeon heart that she could tell Karen that she was wrong. Karen was not going home for Christmas. Karen was not going to hang her stocking over the fireplace, or go to the little church at the crossroads. Didn't she realize that Pirandello would never dress the entire circus in Christmas colors for a one-night stand? The show was being held over. The artistry of The Flying Cardonis had been so highly praised that Pirandello felt he must satisfy the demands of the public by ex-

tending his stay in the city. Winnie May wondered why Karen had not been told.

The reason was a simple one. Lisa and Joe Cardoni risked their lives twice daily on the flying trapeze, yet they lacked the courage to tell their little daughter the disappointing news. Lisa was worried, as she stood with arms akimbo while her husband hooked the tight little bodice of her sparkling costume. "We'll have to tell her tonight, Joe," Lisa said. "We'll just have to tell her tonight." But it was already time for them to climb the rope ladder to the perch high above the centre ring.

The ringmaster, who stood in the spotlight, waited until they reached the top. "Ladies and gentlemen," he called, "we give you The Flying Cardonis! Their highly hazardous feats on the flying trapeze are fantastic and fabulous. Tonight Lisa Cardoni will attempt a triple somersault from the bar of her flying trapeze to the hands of her partner and husband. The Flying Cardonis!"

Karen gripped the railing as the band's slow waltz faded to a drum roll. Her eyes never left her parents as they made ready for their perilous performance. Lisa placed an extra perch above the landing platform. Joe dusted his hands with powdered resin, set his trapeze swinging and lowered himself into position, head downward, his knees behind the wooden bar, his legs wrapped around the supporting ropes. Karen strained to hear the one word her mother would speak before leaping into space, but it was lost in the roll of the drums. But she did hear her father's answering "Hup." She saw her mother grasp her trapeze and swing out from the narrow platform. There was an eerie quiet in the arena as Lisa Cardoni

Continued over page



HOW CAN SANTA FIND ME? continued

let go, turning over and over and over. Ten thousand cries of relief echoed to the rafters as hands met wrists in a double grip.

Karen laughed aloud. They had done it again. They were safe, and now they were going home. The little girl got to her feet and started for the aisle beyond. Halfway there, the spotlight fell again on the ringmaster. "Ladies and gentlemen, a



special announcement," he called. "Because of popular demand, Pirandello's Circus will be held over for another week."

Karen stopped short in her tracks. "No, no, no," she cried. Pushing her way frantically through the milling crowd, she made her way to the dressing room. She burst in and ran to her mother, "It's not true, Mum, is it? It's not true what the ringmaster said. We are going home, aren't we? Aren't we going home?"

Still taut from the excessive strain on

the trapeze, Lisa Cardoni looked with pleading eyes at her husband. He pulled Karen to him. "I'm afraid it is true, honey," he said. "We're sorry you heard it the way you did. We should have told you before this, but we didn't have the heart."

"We'll have a good Christmas here, you'll see," Karen's mother said softly. "Be a good trouper, darling. You know the show must go on."

Karen shook her head. "I'm not a good trouper," she sobbed. "I'm not. I'm not. I don't care about the show going on. If you'd only told me, it would have been all right. But now it's too late."

"Too late for what, darling?" asked her mother, puzzled.

"For Santa Claus," came Karen's surprising answer. "I wrote him a letter. I told him I was going home. I told him I would hang my red stocking over the fireplace, and now he'll not be able to find me. Another letter couldn't reach him in time—even air mail."

"But there must be some way to get word to him," said Joe, pacing the floor. "There must be some way to contact Santa Claus."

The door opened, and in walked Tinker. He had taken off his ruby suit and conical cap, but his face was still chalk-white. He had come to borrow some cold cream to remove the grease paint. As he cleansed his face of make-up, he heard the story of Karen's predicament. For a moment he looked puzzled; then he cried triumphantly, "I have it! I know how to get a second letter to Santa Claus!"

"How?" asked the Cardonis, closing in on him.

"Winnie May, of course," said the old clown. "She's a carrier pigeon, and she'd do anything for Karen."

"I couldn't ask Winnie May to go so far, Tinker," Karen said. "Something might happen to her, and besides, you need her in your act."

Tinker snorted. "Humph," he said, "I guess you don't think much of me as an artist. I can work nine pigeons as well as ten. And as to something happening to Winnie May, another 'umph.' Old Mother Nature outfitted the pigeon in a pretty special manner. She can fly from dawn to dark, going forty, fifty, sixty, and sometimes even seventy miles an hour. If we send her off in the morning, I'll bet my new red satin pantaloons that she'll be back in time for the matinée on Christmas Eve."

Karen laughed. She knew how pleased Tinker was with his new pantaloons. He wouldn't risk losing them. "Oh, thank you Tinker," she cried, "we'll do it!"

The next morning, long before the sun had thrown aside his golden blankets, Tinker and Karen were on the roof of the stadium with Winnie May. A capsule-like letter was tucked into the metal message holder on the pigeon's leg. "Fly in a straight line, Winnie May," Tinker whispered. "Head due north all the way, until you come to the very top of the world. There you'll find Santa Claus, in his castle of ice. Give him the message and wait for an answer."

"Ooah cooo-cooo-coo," said Winnie May, spreading her wings and taking flight. Karen and Tinker watched her until she became a mere speck against the dark sky of early morning.

It was an anxious day for Karen, and a restless night. She dreamed that Winnie May was lost in a storm, and that she was racing across the ice floe, calling her name. After breakfast she went to look





for Tinker. But she could not find him.

It was not until the afternoon matinée, when the old clown passed by her usual place by the rail, that she saw him. There was a pigeon fluttering on every finger. Winnie May had returned. With quickening heart, Karen ran to Clown Alley to wait for Tinker. When he came in he winked at her, and reaching into the voluminous pockets of his pantaloons, he brought forth a tiny letter. "He's coming," Tinker said to the little girl. "Santa Claus is coming. It's right down here in

black and white. 'Look for me tonight at the circus' and it's signed S.C."

The news soon spread among the performers that Santa Claus was coming to fill Karen's stocking. Pirandello, quick to take advantage of the unusual, called the troupe together. "We'll ask him to lead the parade," he said. "Never in the history of the circus has such a thing happened. Santa Claus and his reindeer in a circus parade!"

At eight o'clock Karen, who had been searching the sky since early evening, saw

a shadow crossing the moon—a clear-cut shadow of eight tiny reindeer, a sleigh and a driver. "He's coming! He's coming!" she announced joyfully.

The sound of tinkling silver bells could be heard coming closer and closer. Tinker threw wide the doors, and in drove Santa Claus.

The house lights dimmed. The trumpets blared. A dozen clowns tumbled to the sawdust. Ten thousand people stood to cheer Santa Claus and the child at his side wearing a pigeon for a bonnet. ★





The mystery of the missing Christmas cards

Mr. McQuill just loved getting them—and sending them.

But it made him miserable when they didn't come out even. There was only one thing to do

Please tell me," said Inspector Hawkloft quietly, "any clues you can suggest concerning what happened to Sylvester J. McQuill."

Well (I told him) I can't help much, but here goes:

Mr. McQuill just *loved* Christmas cards. He'd start buying them in September, badgering Mr. Crumley at the stationery store for something nobody else would be sending.

"Yes," said Inspector Hawkloft, quietly making notes. "Please go on."

Christmas Eve two years ago (I went on) I called at his boardinghouse and wished him a Merry Christmas.

But he shook his head, sadly and emphati-

By Stuart Trueman

cally. "You can't expect me to feel happy."

His kindly old landlady, Mrs. Peabody, confided to me his bitter secret—he sent out 89 cards and got back only 73!

"He just sits counting his cards," she said in distress. "He's simply furious with Mr. Crumley; three of them are the same as he sent—the 'Winter Hackmatack Forest.'"

Inspector Hawkloft broke in quietly, "I remember that Christmas. Mr. McQuill phoned my home at 6 a.m. and demanded I investigate a postman who was keeping back on purpose

some of his greeting cards. Please continue."

Well (I continued) the next Christmas Eve I phoned Mrs. Peabody before supper. The dear old soul was overjoyed—Mr. McQuill had received more cards than he sent!

I dropped in and wished him a Very Merry Christmas, because I knew he'd feel enthusiastic about how popular he was.

But he shook his head glumly. "I got 104 cards—but I sent out only 92! What must the other twelve people be thinking? They're thinking I ignored them."

Poor Mrs. Peabody told me he was raging at the postman for bringing so many cards. He was mad at Mr. Crumley *continued on page 31*

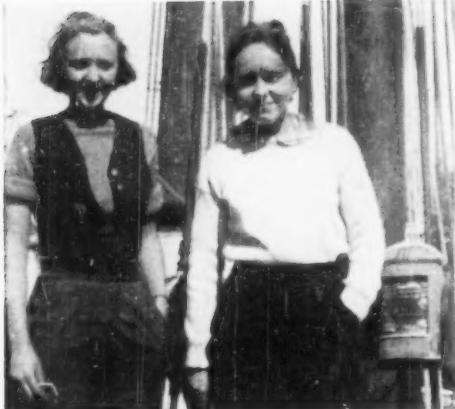
The preacher's daughter who joined...

It was a pleasant family secret

what Constance Tomkinson really was doing in Paris.

Then she wrote a book about it

BY BARBARA MOON



As a girl in Newfoundland, Constance Tomkinson (left, with sister Joan) sang in the church choir.



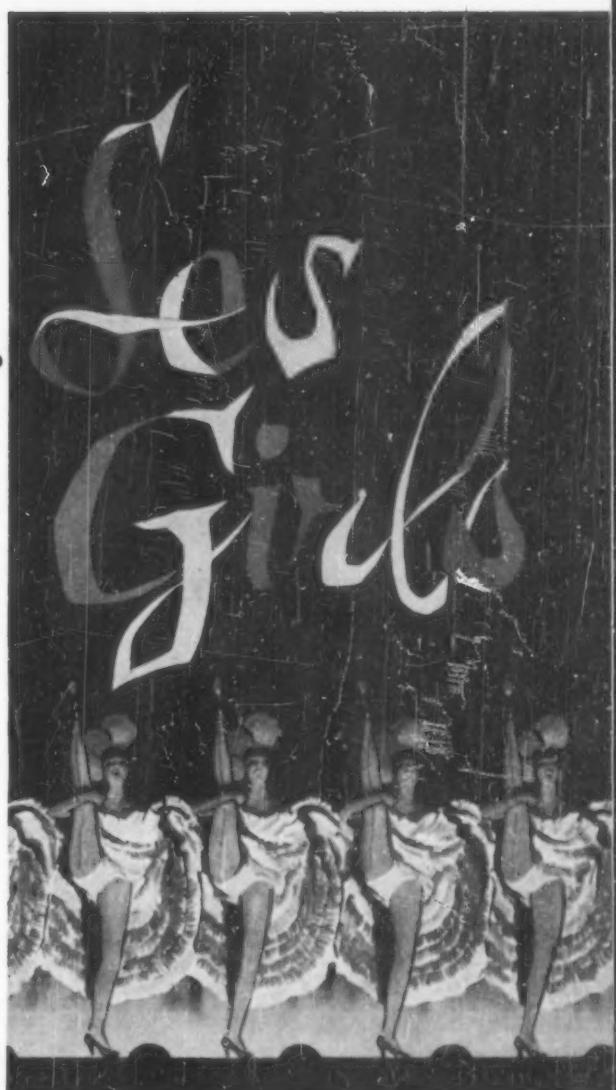
As a girl in the Folies, Constance danced the can-can. Today she's married to an English economist.

IF YOU come right down to it, one of the most persistent bits of Puritan folklore in Canada is the convention that the theatre is wicked, and no fit place for anyone's daughter. The convention is outraged seriously enough if a girl from a respectable family merely goes on the stage. But what if she were a clergyman's daughter? What if she were to become not just an actress but a chorus girl? What if she were to kick up her legs in that most naughty, notorious and brazen of Parisian showcases, the Folies-Bergère? What indeed!

Constance Tomkinson, the Canadian daughter of a United Church minister, did just that.

Almost twenty years ago, when the convention was two decades stronger and she a mere slip of a girl, she scampered off from a St. John's, Newfoundland, manse and became a hoofer. Constance, who had dutifully sung in the choir all her life, now traded Wesleyan hymns for lyrics like "We'd like to join you as you dine . . ." sung to the tune of Cocktails for Two. Brought up to understand that a bare knee in the street was a scandal in the parish, she now flaunted considerably more of her anatomy right in the patrons' faces. She wore costumes consisting of a flurry of feathers or a fluff of rabbit fur, though back in St. John's she'd once been criticized for calling at Government House without her gloves. Fresh from a community where women were expected to keep their eyes demurely downcast, she learned to flirt with the audience, throw them kisses and generally project indiscriminate friendliness across the footlights. Her star turn was the jumping splits in the can-can, a dance that even the dictionary describes as "accompanied by extravagant and often indecent postures."

Tradition associates such goings-on with an inevitable lowering of the moral tone, frequently leading to liquor, gold digging, dope, casinos, white slavery, gambling and the fate worse than death. It is generally accepted that females faced



This is the jacket of the best-selling book in which Constance tells about the gay life in Folies-Bergère.

with these diversions will, sooner or later, fall.

The minister's daughter turned chorus girl was exposed to them all. But the rest of her story flouts all the righteous superstitions.

For instance, her family didn't turn her picture to the wall, disinherit her or vow never to speak her name again. In fact they'd financed the escapade in the first place, and her father had to be restrained from basing his sermons on texts extracted from her frequent—and frank—letters home. Her mother made a trip abroad to inspect her daughter's chorus mates, but she briskly pronounced them "very nice girls" and came home again quite quiet in her mind. Out of respect to parish sensibilities, though, the family kept the whole thing quiet. The congregation was given to understand that what Constance was doing in Europe was "studying." There was no fear of being found out. As Constance pointed out recently, "Our congregations weren't the sort that went to the Folies." And they couldn't have admitted it if they had.

Furthermore, Constance has been so tactless as to come to an extremely good end. At forty-one she is Mrs. Hugh Weeks, wife of one of Britain's leading economists. Weeks, a Cambridge graduate, was until recently Britain's deputy economic planner and then co-controller of the Colonial Development Corp. He is now deputy chairman of the Trussed Concrete Steel Co., and an officer of several *continued on page 47*



Here is Newness for the Sake of Greatness—

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TO THE automobile industry's great tradition of introducing annual new car models, we have contributed our share with better and newer Buicks over the years.

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They are also new in ways you can measure, if you will — even to the added interior roominess so genuinely surprising in cars that stand but four feet, *t.r.u.*

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And each of these spanking-bright '57 Buicks—ROADMASTER, SUPER, CENTURY, SPECIAL, and a new Caballero — is new in other things to delight you, thrill you, sparkle your eyes. Just go see them—now on display at your Buick dealer's—and discover all that's new in the newest Buick ever built.

*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on ROADMASTER, SUPER and CENTURY—optional at modest extra cost on the SPECIAL.

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CHANEL N° 5



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Shirley MacLaine, David Niven and Cantinflas plot their world-circling dash.

BEST BET

Around the World in 80 Days: Jules Verne's comedy-adventure about a trip encircling the globe in 1872 has been turned into a richly entertaining three-ring circus of a movie under producer Mike Todd's flamboyant supervision. The literate script by humorist S. J. Perelman is a big help. The skilled cast includes David Niven, Mexico's Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine and Robert Newton—and about fifty major and minor celebrities in bit parts. In the wide-screen Todd-AO process, it's a beguiling show.

The Brave One: An overlong but beautiful and stirring drama about a Mexican boy (Michael Ray) whose heart almost breaks when his pet bull is forced to fight a peerless matador.

Giant: Edna Ferber's sprawling yarn about life in Texas has its share of corn, and so has the film, but master director George Stevens has put it all together with vitality and insight. Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and the late James Dean are on hand.

The Girl He Left Behind: There are a few quite funny moments in this American army comedy. Most of it, though, is embarrassingly coy and contrived. With Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood, Murray Hamilton.

Marcelino: A lovely Spanish film about a foundling (Pablito Calvo) who is raised by a group of monks.

You Can't Run Away From It: A noisy but halfhearted remake of 1934's famed Oscar winner, *It Happened One Night*. Heiress June Allyson and reporter Jack Lemmon are in the roles originally played by Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Attack: War drama. Good.

Back From Eternity: Jungle suspense drama. Good.

Banditos: Adventure. Fair.

The Best Things in Life Are Free: Musical biography. Fair.

Between Heaven and Hell: War. Fair.

Bigger Than Life: Drama. Fair.

The Black Tent: Drama. Fair.

The Boss: Crime drama. Fair.

Bus Stop: Romantic comedy. Fair.

The Fastest Gun Alive: Suspense in the West. Good.

French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.

Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue. Excellent.

The Grand Manoeuvre: French comedy-drama. Good.

Jacqueline: Irish comedy. Good.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The King and I: Music-drama. Tops.

A Lamp Is Heavy: Hospital drama. Fair.

The Last Wagon: Western. Good.

Lisbon: Melodrama. Fair.

The Long Arm: Detective story. Good.

Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Lust for Life: Drama. Good.

Moby Dick: Sea drama. Excellent.

The Mountain: Alpine drama. Fair.

Odongo: Jungle romance. Poor.

Pardners: Western farce. Poor.

Port Afrique: Crime drama. Poor.

The Power and the Prize: Drama of big business. Good.

Private's Progress: Comedy. Good.

The Proud Ones: Western. Good.

Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.

Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.

Run for the Sun: Suspense. Good.

Santiago: Adventure. Fair.

The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

La Strada: Italian drama. Good.

Tea and Sympathy: Drama. Good.

The Ten Commandments: Bible epic. Dull in spots but vast, reverent.

Tension at Table Rock: Western. Good.

That Certain Feeling: Comedy. Fair.

These Wilder Years: Drama. Good.

Timetable: Crime drama. Good.

Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

The Unguarded Moment: Drama. Good.

The Vagabond King: Sword opera. Fair.

War and Peace: Drama. Good.

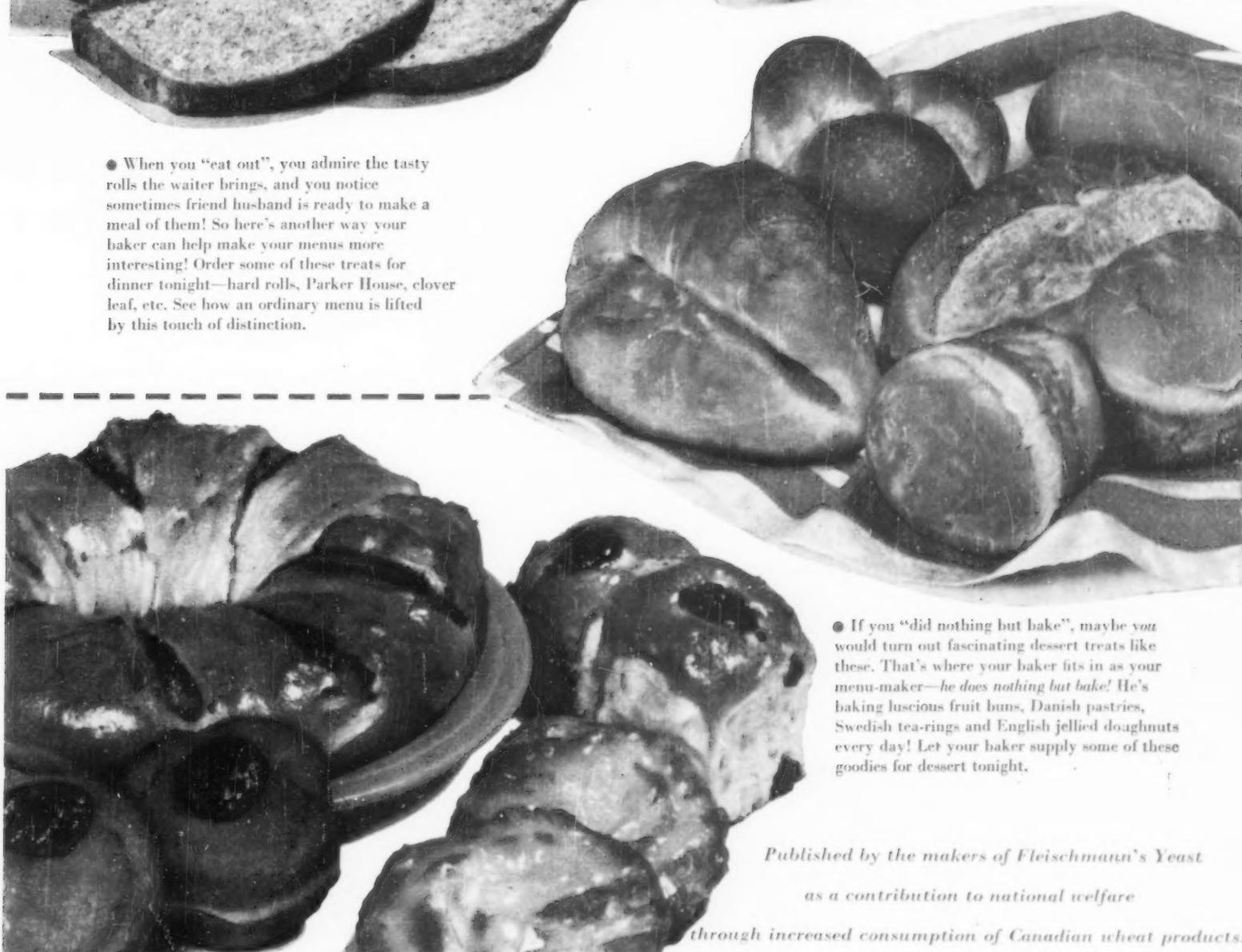
Yield to the Night: Drama. Fair.

Let your Baker be your Menu-Maker!



● Baker's bread now builds up your menus with vital "protective" elements! Besides being deliciously tempting, each slice of baker's bread made with enriched flour adds to the family's intake of "The Big 3" B vitamins—plus iron. But baker's bread builds your menus with *variety*, too! A choice of whole-wheat, rye, raisin and French bread puts your menu miles ahead!

● When you "eat out", you admire the tasty rolls the waiter brings, and you notice sometimes friend husband is ready to make a meal of them! So here's another way your baker can help make your menus more interesting! Order some of these treats for dinner tonight—hard rolls, Parker House, clover leaf, etc. See how an ordinary menu is lifted by this touch of distinction.



● If you "did nothing but bake", maybe you would turn out fascinating dessert treats like these. That's where your baker fits in as your menu-maker—he does nothing but bake! He's baking luscious fruit buns, Danish pastries, Swedish tea-rings and English jellied doughnuts every day! Let your baker supply some of these goodies for dessert tonight.

Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast

as a contribution to national welfare

through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.

MEMORY UNLIMITED

I JUMPED into the first railway compartment which seemed empty: my eyes fell on a book left on the seat by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first lines. Five minutes later I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure. I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats; that an ordinary person if he has taught himself to control the way in which his brain stores impressions can memorize accurately long and complicated lists of facts after reading them over only once or twice. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a timetable out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of about one hundred railway stations. I observed that, after reading them over a few times, I could recite the whole list off with hardly a mistake. With a little more practice I found I had committed them so completely to memory that I could remember them in the reverse order and even pick out one station from the list and say which number it was, and what were the names of the towns before and after it.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of my journey on more and more difficult experiments in memory, and reflecting how this new control I was achieving over my mind would materially help me to greater success in life. After this, I worked hard at this wonderful memory system, and within a week I found I could recall passages from books and quote them with ease; names, addresses and business appointments were remembered immediately; and in four months I had succeeded in learning Spanish.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago I had the good fortune to meet its author, and I promised him to propagate his method, and today I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is, after all, the most valuable asset towards success in life.

Borg's address is: D. F. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Lower Baggot St., Dublin, Ireland. Apply to him for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory.

F. ROBERTS.



The Nativity story continued from page 12

"I don't like this game," one moppet said, and walked off the set

Beanstalk and Sleeping Beauty, the idea of casting them in mediaeval mysteries is an original and slightly terrifying one. It was bred in the fertile mind of a young Englishman named Valentine Boss who came to Canada two years ago intent on visiting the Eskimos but, being broke, never got past Montreal. Boss ended up working as a drama specialist for Montreal's Protestant School Board, producing plays with child actors. He did several Shakespearean plays and then decided to produce the Nativity cycle as a ninety-minute stage production last Christmas. It was then that he hit on the idea of turning the play into a film, using the same children.

Boss tried Walt Disney first, but got no reaction. Then he visited the National Film Board, where the idea of forty-six children running loose on a sound stage caused veteran producers to pale with horror. Finally, however, by dint of fast talking, he got Julian Biggs, producer of the Perspective TV series, to agree to tackle the project. Many of the board's executives shook their heads over the project but, Biggs says, "I decided to go out on a limb and do the thing." The final result, in spite of many headaches, is remarkably effective.

There's no doubt that Boss has a way with children. All who have worked with him agree about this, though not all could be called Boss boosters. As a newcomer to the film business, Boss often rubbed the professionals of the NFB the wrong way. (Occasionally, in the midst of a scene he would rush in front of the whirling cameras to correct some detail of stance or action, thus spoiling the take.) But even his detractors concede that through some alchemy of personality he is able to get untutored moppets to act out difficult roles with dignity and presence and without any of the cute-kid technique so often associated with children's theatre.

There is some disagreement as to how Boss does this. One member of the production team that made the Nativity film says flatly that Boss is "the Svengali type" and that he literally hypnotizes his charges into acting their parts. Others say he uses generally accepted teaching methods, but that he has incredible patience with children not always found in pianist circles.

Boss would take exception to both these assessments. He insists that his methods are unique: that first of all he treats children as equals rather than subordinates and, secondly, allows them to work out their own interpretation of the roles they are to play. Children, especially unsophisticated Canadian children, can do this, he says, because they have no preconceived notion about the roles. They approach both Shakespeare and the Nativity with fresh eyes and Boss gives them full rein, within limits. The interpretation that emerges isn't an adult one, but it does mirror the personality of the child himself.

When Boss started on the Nativity play he began by telling the children the story they were to act out so that they thoroughly understood it. He then made them memorize the lines in just four days. He tried to dovetail each child into a part that fitted his personality and this required some switching about of roles. When this was accomplished he began rehearsing the children singly and

in small groups, letting them use their imagination as freely as possible. Finally he welded all these performances into a single unit.

This can be an exhausting business and Boss, who once worked in a concrete factory in Sweden, says it's the most tiring two months he's ever put in in his life. In his mind he has what he calls an "enthusiasm chart" — a little graph that reminds him not only of the stages at which children's interest lags but also at what stages it gets to be overwhelming. Boss feels that one of his main tasks was to keep this mercurial enthusiasm at an even pitch so that his small actors got neither too stale nor too high-strung.

This wasn't always possible. In the middle of an afternoon's shooting on the film one four-year-old simply walked off the set. "Mr. Boss," he said, "I don't want to play this game anymore." Another scene was spoiled when a little girl raised her hand and asked to be excused. And then there was the day when a

Labor-Slaving

Labor-saving devices are fine,
I'm convinced before we try them.
There's just this small misgiving of
mine—

How hard I must work to buy them!

THOMAS USK

startled film-board employee came upon a five-year-old dressed only in flesh-colored pants and a fig leaf, wandering lost in the labyrinth of the new Montreal headquarters building and crying aloud for his mother.

In spite of such problems, the actual filming was completed in seven days at a cost of just fourteen thousand dollars. (Normally a three-reel color film is budgeted at sixty thousand.) Even more surprising was the fact that in all that time none of the forty-six young actors involved fluffed a line. Many scenes were shot perfectly the first time, and in some cases where a scene was reshot several times producer Biggs decided to use the original one because it was fresher, even though not technically perfect. There is one moment, outside the manger, when Joseph can be seen quite plainly to be eating peanuts. This shot has been retained in the film.

Canadians will be able to see the production in black and white only when it goes out over CBC-TV as part of the Perspective series. Later the color version will be shown on the film board's regular movie-house circuit, and negotiations are now underway for a color show on U.S. television. A Midsummer Night's Dream, using most of the same children, was given an hour-long live production by the CBC late last September. It taught the children a good deal, including some mild Shakespearean oaths. One four-year-old actor when chastised by his mother now mutters Bottom's phrase: "bloody, blameful, blade!"

Boss himself acted in Shakespearean productions as a small boy attending St. Paul's, an English public school that has produced such dissimilar figures as Field Marshal Montgomery and Lister Sinclair, the Canadian playwright. Boss didn't

think much of St. Paul's attempts at juvenile Shakespeare. British children, he points out, are so steeped in The Bard that when they act out a play they merely become small adults, parroting scenes they have read and watched many times. Boss, who is forthright about his own methods, has only disdain for this type of mimicry.

He comes of semi-theatrical stock, for his Haitian-born mother is a costume designer, who worked on such films as The Red Shoes and Tales of Hoffmann. His father, a doctor, died when Boss was seven, of the very disease into which he was doing research. Boss spent a year or so in Germany trying to be an artist, won a scholarship to Cambridge, where he took honors in history, and then in 1954 headed for Canada to see the Arctic. He ran out of money and became a schoolteacher, instead, at Ste. Adèle, north of Montreal.

Boss's approach to most things he tackles is unorthodox and this applied to his schoolteaching. He claims that he and his students found the curriculum so easy that they mastered it in three months and were then able to go on to "more interesting things." They turned to drama, painting and carpentry and these skills resulted in a production of Hans Christian Andersen's The Little Mermaid.

Boss was encouraged and then a little disturbed to find that one of his pupils, a nine-year-old girl named Valerie, could memorize a Shakespearean sonnet in an hour and produce real tears whenever called upon to do so. Valerie, who later played Mark Antony in a Boss production of Julius Caesar, wasn't cast in the Nativity drama because she was too adult an actress. However, she does appear at the start of the program in an introductory prologue originally planned for an adult. Valerie wrote most of the prologue herself. "Child prodigies always make me feel a bit uncomfortable," Boss says.

Boss's work at Ste. Adèle caught the attention of Montreal's Protestant School Board and he was asked to take a job working with gifted high-school students who might otherwise be bored with the curriculum. Characteristically, Boss molded the job to his own design. Instead of working in high schools, he worked in elementary schools; and he passed over the gifted students, choosing instead the run-of-the-mill. Not only that, but he began to enlist the aid of the children's small brothers and sisters who hadn't even reached school age.

Soon he was producing Hamlet at Courtland Park School in Lachine, chosen, he says, because most of the children come from middle-class suburban families: the best material, he feels, for the kind of plays he produces. Rich children are too sophisticated: "They cease being kids and become small adults"; poor ones have so many problems at home they're tough to work with.

Everybody thought the Hamlet production was terribly clever, but it disturbed Boss who realized that it was far too deep for children to understand. He decided "never again to show off kids just because they can learn lines." It was then that he hit on the idea of producing a mediaeval mystery, first as a play, later as a film.

Nobody knows how these mystery

plays came to be written. Like folk songs they were passed from mouth to mouth in rhymed couplets or unrhymed verse and acted out by wandering minstrels in the Middle Ages. They often departed radically from the Biblical story. The text was primitive; the conception naive and childlike. They are difficult for adults to play in successfully today because the lines tend to sound crude and ludicrous. But Boss discovered that children could read the couplets without making them sound silly. As he says, "The old mysteries contain flashes of crude humor that only the mediaeval mind could conjecture and only a child's imagination could understand."

He adapted his version of the Nativity story largely from the York mysteries, a cycle of plays less well-known than most. His original stage production lasted for ninety minutes, but for the film he compressed six plays into the space of half an hour. As these plays form a sort of running serial story (beginning with Adam and Eve and running up past the birth of Christ) it wasn't difficult to weld them together.

The result is a very strange piece of business, indeed— weirdly beautiful, with a harsh and primitive beauty when seen in color. The children, piping out the archaic lines ("Thunders by thousands in thrall do I throw") and acting with all the enthusiasm of a six-year-old playing "house," give the film some of the gay unreality of an animated cartoon. The over-all effect, however, is neither comic nor cute, but surprisingly engaging and often quite moving.

The mystery of the missing Christmas cards

Continued from page 24

"Dear old Mrs. Peabody was holding a smoking gun"

too, for some reason I couldn't understand.

Inspector Hawkloft observed quietly, "I remember the occasion. He woke me up at 5 a.m. Christmas Day and insisted I arrest a Mr. Crumley for false pretences—he had received six cards he bought as exclusive, 'Cherubs In A Snowfall,' I believe. Kindly proceed."

Well (I proceeded), this Christmas I decided to see that Mr. McQuill received exactly as many cards as the hundred he was sending.

So I bought a dozen from Mr. Crumley—different, of course, from the "Pixies Throwing Snowballs" Mr. McQuill chose. I signed them with vague names like "Jack" and "Dick."

As Christmas approached, I kept in touch with Mrs. Peabody. When cards for Mr. McQuill were arriving too fast, she hid a few in the bookcase. When they came in too slowly, she brought out the hidden cards and added some of mine.

"Yes," said Inspector Hawkloft quietly; "the case is becoming quite clear. Please resume your story."

Well (I resumed), tonight—Christmas Eve—I wished Mr. McQuill a joyously Merry Christmas. I knew he would be delighted.

But he shook his head in despair. "My cards are driving me crazy."

I asked why.

"I sent one hundred and I got one hundred," he said, "but some people I sent to didn't send, and some who sent I didn't send to, and I can't figure out who they are so I can get Mr. Crumley to open up his store and sell me enough to send back—that is, if the postman will pick them

Boss feels that four or five of the children in this picture will go on to become professional actors; indeed some have already been offered jobs on TV. But he is less interested in teaching children to act than he is in getting them to express themselves. A few of the children he works with come from broken or disturbed homes, and in these instances the therapy of the play itself has been immediate and obvious!

But in other cases whole families, parents and all, have entered into the spirit of the thing. Mr. and Mrs. Chris Mamen, for example, have supplied Boss with no fewer than six young actors, one of them only six weeks old. This youngest Mamen child played Jesus in the Nativity film and Mrs. Mamen, who took a great interest in proceedings, was invariably referred to as "Mrs. Jesus" by the rest of the cast.

The Mamen children and two hundred-odd others with whom Boss has worked in Montreal are eager to do another play, TV program or film, but Boss himself has moved to Harvard where he has just completed his Master's degree in history and political science. He says offhandedly that he'll go on to a doctorate but may switch subjects before he does. He doesn't go near drama school and doesn't intend to make a vocation of directing children. All the same he's toying with the idea of doing *The Tempest* in Montreal, and, although the idea is scarcely in the embryo stage, it's good enough for the children. One twelve-year-old has already cast himself in the part of Ariel and is hard at work learning the lines. ★

Hints collected by MRS. DAN GERBER, mother of 5

BRINGING UP BABY

Thought for the New Year ahead

Even though New Year's Resolutions have a way of getting broken, I think perhaps we're all a bit better for having made them. A mother I know resolves to curb her quick temper this way:

"Whenever I find myself getting unreasonably cross from an overdose of baby care, I'm going to try to remember this bit of verse:
*'If love be a very shining thing,
I think my love needs polishing.'*"
And a Merry Christmas to you and yours!



5 Variations on a Basic Theme

All through the early years, one of baby's basic foods is cereal. And to keep cereal popular with the crib and bib set, variety is highly desirable. The five Gerber Cereals—Rice, Barley, Oatmeal, Wheat, and Mixed Cereal—provide 5 good-tasting ways to keep baby interested in this important food. All 5 have mild, but distinctive flavors. When mixed with milk or formula they have the creamy-smooth texture that feels good on baby's tongue, is easy to swallow, too. As for food value, the Gerber cereals are enriched with iron, calcium and important B-vitamins. Gerber boxes have the handy pouring spout.

More variations: to increase cereal appeal, fold in a few spoonfuls of any Gerber Strained Fruit or creamy Strained Egg Yolks.

Stainless Story

One mother's solution for removing 3 kinds of stains common to baby's clothes.



* **Fish oil stains.** Before laundering garment, sprinkle spot with baby powder and rub well. Removes both odor and discoloration.

* **Fruit stains.** While stain is still fresh, stretch garment (except woolens) over a bowl. Rub stain with baking soda. Pour boiling water over spot. Launder as usual.

* **Protein food stains.** Meat, egg and milk stains come out more easily if you soak garment in cold water before sudsing. Hot water used first will set stain.

Good Arrangement for a Rainy Day

Plastic baby-clothes hangers make dandy drying racks for baby's tugs on rainy days. Hang undershirts, wrappers, dresses on them, then place hangers on shower curtain rod. Tub will catch driplets—clothes will come out almost wrinkle-free.

Menu of the Month

Gerber Strained Beef Mock Poached Egg*
Gerber Fruit Dessert**

*Form fluffy mashed potatoes into a small mound. Place 3 tablespoons of Gerber Strained Carrots in the center of mound for an eye and taste appealing lunch or supper dish. Gerber Strained Carrots are notable for a smoothly pureed texture, appetizing color and true

carrot flavor—besides being rich in vitamin-A.
**Gerber Strained Fruit Dessert is a winning combination of plump juicy apricots, delicious orange juice and mellow pineapple juice—happily teamed with just a touch of tapioca for just about the nicest taste and texture ever.

Babies are our business . . .

our only business!

Gerber

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5 CEREALS • OVER 70 STRAINED AND JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

Christmas Gift Problems?

GIVE MACLEAN'S

3 GIFTS ONLY \$5.00

additional gifts above 3 only \$1.65 each

USE ORDER FORM ON PAGE 33



For the sake of argument continued from page 2

"In Britain medical services are free — but taxes flatten you!"

his famous study of the subject, and the Conservatives also played a part in the planning. All three major political parties are committed to the essential basis of the scheme.

This essential basis is widely misunderstood. Contrary to widespread belief, not only abroad but in England itself, the national health scheme is *not* on a contributory basis. Workers and employers make weekly contributions to state pensions, insurance and sickness-benefit schemes, but under the health scheme medical, surgical, hospital, dental, ear and eye services are free to every man, woman and child in the country. They are free to temporary visitors, too; why, I don't know. Because, except to visitors, they aren't free at all. The British taxpayer pays the bill.

Live in Britain and you can have your appendix extracted for nothing. With a state prescription you can get a bottle of medicine for a shilling (fourteen cents). You can have a cavity filled gratis. But your income tax, purchase taxes and other taxes will flatten you.

With the exception of a small contribution by the National Insurance Fund (less than ten percent) the cost of running the Health Service is paid out of the national exchequer—out of taxes. It is some bill.

Estimated expenditure on the service for 1956-57 is more than half a billion pounds—the equivalent of a billion and a half Canadian dollars. Last year it cost British taxpayers about three hundred million dollars less than that.

In 1949-50, when Britain's economic situation was causing grave concern, the chancellor of the exchequer put a ceiling of four hundred million pounds on Health Service expenditures. In 1952 supplementary estimates had to be granted to take care of increased remuneration awarded to doctors. To avoid drastic cuts in service it was found necessary to introduce charges for certain items. Patients who cannot afford to pay these charges may apply to the National Assistance Board for aid.

Health Service heads claim that administration costs are not high, being about three percent of the total expenditure. They point to the fact that most of the administrative work is done by twelve thousand unpaid volunteers in England and Wales.

What about the pushing around?

This is a doctor speaking to me:

"The health ministry itself will tell you that there isn't enough hospital accommodation and that it has a costly building program. But it will also tell you that emergency cases are taken care of immediately, and that it is only in cases that are not serious that patients have to wait for beds. As a doctor I can tell you of the dangerously long periods some of my patients have had to wait for free hospital beds."

Another doctor in a small town with whom I talked said: "The other night I was called out to attend a badly injured man. Among other things he had a fractured skull. I phoned for an ambulance. Couldn't get one. So I got him into my car and drove him to the local hospital. They said, 'We don't take head cases here. You'll have to take him to Blank.' I phoned the hospital at Blank. The girl on the reception desk said, 'You'll have to speak to a house man

(interne). Hold on.' There was a long wait before she came on the line again. 'I can't find a house man,' she said. 'I've tried all floors but they all seem to be out.'

"I said, 'Out? Where are they—down at the pub having a quick one?' 'I shouldn't be at all surprised,' she said indifferently, and hung up.

"I had to drive that injured man thirty miles to Oxford to get him into hospital."

Week after week the press carries reports of hospital blunders and disregard for the welfare of patients. You read of an infant dying because its mother was forced to leave a maternity ward in the late hours of a stormy night; of a boy with a fractured arm kept waiting for six hours before receiving treatment.

I know of at least one case. The wife of a workman had to wait six months to get a hospital bed for treatment of a diseased leg. The delay caused complications that resulted in an operation, and amputation was narrowly averted.

Are the doctors happy?

Undoubtedly such cases (and there are plenty) can be offset by others in which the service has functioned well. But for the people concerned the good examples do not excuse the bad ones. There are good hospitals; excellent hospitals. There are sloppily run hospitals. The point is that state medicine does not mean uniformity of standards, except on paper.

I have referred to the endless waiting under the appointments system at many hospitals. Yet the National Health Service Council at Gateshead fined a doctor \$290 because on three occasions he was ninety minutes late in opening his surgery.

How about the doctors?

A doctor is not compelled to join the scheme. If he chooses, he can remain in private practice. And if he is in the scheme he can still have private patients provided attention to them does not lessen his attention to Health Service patients.

Including hospital staffs, there are fifty-five thousand doctors in the service. Are they satisfied? Not with their remuneration. Recently they asked for a

twenty-four-percent increase, basing their claim on the reduced purchasing power of the pound since the rates were established. This the minister of health turned down flat. He refused to consider any claim for a general increase.

Service doctors are paid by the state on a per-capita basis according to the number of patients on their lists. In the counties 51 percent of all patients are on lists of from one to 2,500; 25 percent on lists of 2,500 to 3,000; 24 percent on lists of more than 3,000. The permitted maximum is 3,500 for one doctor.

The rate of payment is 17 shillings per year apiece for the doctor's first thousand Health Service patients; 27 shillings a head for the next five hundred; 17 shillings for every patient beyond that figure. If he has not "recognized obstetric experience" he gets a maternity fee of five guineas for attending such patients on his list. If he has that experience, the fee is seven guineas. Special payments are made to encourage medical men to practice in difficult and unpopular areas.

The average list of patients numbers 2,100. So the average physician gets £2,035 (\$5,698). In addition he may have private patients, but even the Ministry of Health estimates that average revenue from that source is not more than £150 a year. Let's say that the average family doctor earns £2,300 a year. (Senior hospital doctors, consultants and specialists get more.) Out of that he has to pay for his office, his receptionist, equipment, phone, books, car and gas. What is left to him is about £1,500, on which he pays a stiff income tax.

I have talked with a number of general practitioners, some in big cities, some in smaller towns; all of them, so far as I could judge, conscientious doctors. Not one was satisfied with his income. All complained about long hours and over-work.

One GP had 3,500 patients on his list. He said, "When the scheme first started I was completely swamped with people who wasted my time because there was nothing really wrong with them. They just had a passion for seeing a doctor and getting a bottle of medicine because it cost them nothing. It isn't so bad now, but I cannot give the time many a patient

should have because of the number I have to attend to. Of course the 3,500 people on my list aren't all sick at the same time, but every day my surgery is crowded long after consulting hours, and I'm making calls early in the morning and late at night. And that's true of most doctors I know."

A fair question to ask is why a doctor takes on the maximum number of 3,500 patients. In some instances it's because there aren't enough doctors in that particular area. In others it's a case of desired income.

As I said, most doctors are conscientious. There are some who handle callers with such speed and lack of interest that results can be serious. Such as the case of the man who complained of blinding headaches. Without examination, the doctor wrote out a prescription for a headache remedy and dismissed the patient, who, it turned out, had a tumor on the brain.

A patient who is dissatisfied with his doctor can make a change, and a doctor is not compelled to accept a patient he doesn't want.

What about druggists?

Almost all the thirteen thousand chemists in England and Wales have joined the service. Last year they filled a quarter billion prescriptions, which cost the taxpayer a record \$137 million (not including another \$27 million for drugs and dressings in hospitals). The ministry has now intimated to the doctors that they go easy in prescribing new and expensive wonder drugs.

Since 1952 druggists have been entitled to charge one shilling per prescription. Generally speaking they are courteous to their shilling customers. Privately they groan over the amount of paperwork they have to do. They have to send every prescription form to the Central Pricing Bureau, which checks every item and authorizes payment. Delivery of the state's cheques has been speeded up a lot since the early days of the scheme, when the druggist often waited six months for his money. Now he's getting it in about a month.

"You'd be surprised at the attitude of a lot of people who come in with service prescriptions," said one druggist. "I've supplied a man with as much as eight pounds worth of drugs and he has grumbled over having to pay a shilling. Not as bad, perhaps, as the woman who was coming in all the time with prescriptions for cotton wool. She was stuffing cushions with it!"

Dentists, like doctors, do not have to join the scheme if they don't want to, but about ninety-seven percent in general practice are in it. Examinations are free, but they are allowed to make a charge of a pound for certain treatments. For full upper and lower dentures the Health Service patient pays a little more than four pounds; for single dentures up to three pounds, according to the number of teeth.

That, then, is a broad and brief picture of Britain's National Health Service. How long it will take to correct its faults remains to be seen. How long the British taxpayer will be able to maintain its present scope will depend on the country's economic prosperity.

Apply the picture to Canada, with its immense territory, its areas of scattered population, and enormous difficulties present themselves. Apart from the burden that would fall upon the taxpayer, there is the question of public psychology. If I am any judge, the vast majority of Canadians aren't the sort of people who would accept with resignation the regimentation that is an inevitable part of nationalized medicine. ★



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What the Dead Sea scrolls mean to the Christian Faith continued from page 9

From an absorbing mystery has come a new light on Christ, a Bible revision and treasure hunt

scrolls were the actual Old Testament books that the Essene priests daily read from the altars at a time when Jesus was preaching in the vicinity.

The discovery of the Bible manuscripts dating back to Jesus' era, a thousand years older than any previously known, would of itself have been an event of incalculable importance to all scientists of religious knowledge; but the handful of non-Biblical scrolls have proved in their own way to be even more significant contributions to man's knowledge, since they are the lost archives of the Essenes whose disappearance coincided so intriguingly with the establishment of Christianity—the rules and rituals of a religion that many eminent students of Bible history promptly declared bore striking resemblances to Christianity. This has been warmly attacked by some authorities as suggesting that Christian precepts, instead of being the original ideas of Jesus, were borrowed from another and older religious sect.

This was only one of the controversies launched by the scrolls.

The total find in the Dead Sea caves will provide the Bible scholars of the world and experts of half a dozen sciences dealing with archeology and the dating of writing and scroll leather with material for fascinating research and speculation for a century to come. Already, with less than fifteen percent of all the material published, the story of the Dead Sea scrolls reveals itself as an absorbing mystery tale composed of alluring clues leading to new facts and exciting probabilities and possibilities; an adventure story built of episodes no writer would dare assemble into a work of fiction. For who would accept an imaginary chronicle that ventured to include such things as these:

- A possible explanation (to the more boldly imaginative) of where and how Jesus spent the unknown years of His life between the ages of twelve and thirty.

- A probable explanation (to the more conservative savants) of the background of Christ's sponsor and teacher, John the Baptist.

- A revelation for the first time of the hitherto-unknown religious movement that some scholars declare prepared a spiritual climate for the birth of Christianity.

- An introduction of a new, yet abidingly mysterious major personality of pre-Christian Palestine, the "Teacher of Righteousness," founder and martyr of a religion with unique resemblance to Christianity.

- New light on Bible texts that has caused corrections to be rushed into the Revised Standard Version (most successful edition of the Bible since the 350-year-old King James Version) just before it went to press.

- The melodramatic coincidence that the scrolls, hidden in 68 A.D. during the war that destroyed Israel, returned to Jerusalem when Palestine once more was a battlefield as Israel rewon its nationhood after nineteen centuries. A monk who had custody of part of the scrolls was killed by shellfire and the monastery that housed them was partly destroyed.

- And, finally, the scrolls provide the ultimate in gaudy improbabilities: a treasure hunt now in fervent progress in the wilderness around Jerusalem, launched by a tantalizing message in one of

the scrolls listing great quantities of gold and silver buried for safety in locations named and described but no longer to be identified after twenty centuries of change.

The first discovery of scrolls—eight of them—was made in a cave by an Arab boy, Muhammad adh-Dhib, searching for a lost goat. After assorted misadventures—once the Arabs nearly threw them away because they were a nuisance to carry—five of the scrolls were bought by Archbishop Athanasius Samuel of the Syrian Monastery of St. Mark in Jerusalem for an estimated one hundred and fifty dollars; the other three by Professor E. L. Sukenik of Jerusalem's Hebrew University. The archbishop received discouraging reports on the value of the scrolls from various scholars, and not until he showed his find to archaeologists at the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem was his hope that the documents were ancient and valuable confirmed. Dr. Millar Burrows, professor of Biblical theology at Yale University, then serving a term as director of the American School in Jerusalem, decided they were older than the Christian era. The school and the archbishop agreed to the photographing and publication of the scrolls for an equal share of any profits.

Now, for the first time since they had come to light nearly a year before, the scrolls were examined and identified by authorities. When Sukenik at about the same time started to publish major portions of his own scrolls the American School officials were able to catalogue Muhammad's find in the cave of the goat as follows:

A complete book of Isaiah, worn and mended from constant use but in excellent condition; a second Isaiah, in poor condition. Some fragments of the Book

of Daniel completed the Biblical contents of the first cave.

The non-Biblical scrolls, some of which were to spark warm controversy among Bible scholars, included An Explanation of Habakkuk. When the series was first deciphered, the experts were elated, for Habakkuk has always been regarded as one of the most obscure of Bible books, and here was Habakkuk, written out sentence by sentence, each followed by an explanation. But, instead of clarifying, the "explanations" presented the scholars with a new series of problems, including the identity of an interesting new character in Israel's history, the Teacher of Righteousness—to say nothing of his constant nemesis, a villain known variously as the Man of the Lie or the Wicked Priest.

As an example of the "explanations" the document quotes this passage from Habakkuk: "Wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?" Then the manuscript comments: "This means the House of Absalom and the men of their party, who kept silence at the chastisement of the Teacher of Righteousness, and did not help against the Man of the Lie, who rejected the Law in the midst of their whole congregation."

Millar Burrows' comment on this passage typifies much of the problem presented by the non-Biblical scrolls: "If we can tell who the House of Absalom, the Teacher of Righteousness and the Man of the Lie were, and what was the event referred to here, we shall know something definite about the history of the religious community in which this commentary was written."

Another scroll in nearly perfect condi-

tion was The War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness, which one scholar described as "a curious production which prescribes rules for warfare conducted more like a priestly ritual than a military operation." Still another scroll is a collection of psalms, written after those in the Bible but in much the same tone and judged to be only a degree less majestic and inspired than the lyrics attributed to David. Yet another scroll was so firmly stuck together that it was opened only recently. (It turned out to be a fanciful, non-sacred rewritten version of Genesis. For example, where the Bible merely states that Sarah was "a fair woman," this manuscript launches into a detailed description of her many charms.)

But the most discussed and most controversial of the scrolls was to be a manuscript with its title page missing. Burrows gave it a title that has stuck: the Manual of Discipline. He explained that "noting the combination of liturgical directions with rules concerning procedure in the meetings of the group and the personal conduct of the members, I was reminded of the manual of discipline of the Methodist Church." Presently many another Bible scholar was to find even more detailed and deeper resemblance between the writings in the scrolls and Christian doctrine, and to argue over the possibility of Essene influence on Christian rituals. But at that time only a small handful of scientific minds even knew of the existence of the scrolls.

The first spectacular result of the discovery of the scrolls, in fact, was to bring about changes in a new edition of the Bible—the Revised Standard Version, most popular volume of the Scriptures since the King James Version. These changes were possible because Dr. Burrows, returning from the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem in the summer of 1948 to take part in the deliberations of the Old Testament revision committee at Northfield, Mass., compiled during the voyage a list of differences between the Isaiah scroll from the Dead Sea cave and the traditional Hebrew text from which the King James Bible is largely translated. No fewer than thirteen changes were accepted by the committee. These changes are noted as originating in "one ancient Ms." in the margin next to each change. The "ancient Ms." is the Dead Sea Isaiah.

The most familiar of the changed passages occurs in the twenty-first chapter of Isaiah, where the sudden and illogical appearance of a lion has long intrigued younger Bible readers and puzzled adults (including the experts). The passage relates that "the Lord said unto me, Go, set a watchman, let him declare what he seeth.

"And he saw a chariot with a couple of horsemen, a chariot of asses, and a chariot of camels; and he hearkened diligently with much heed;

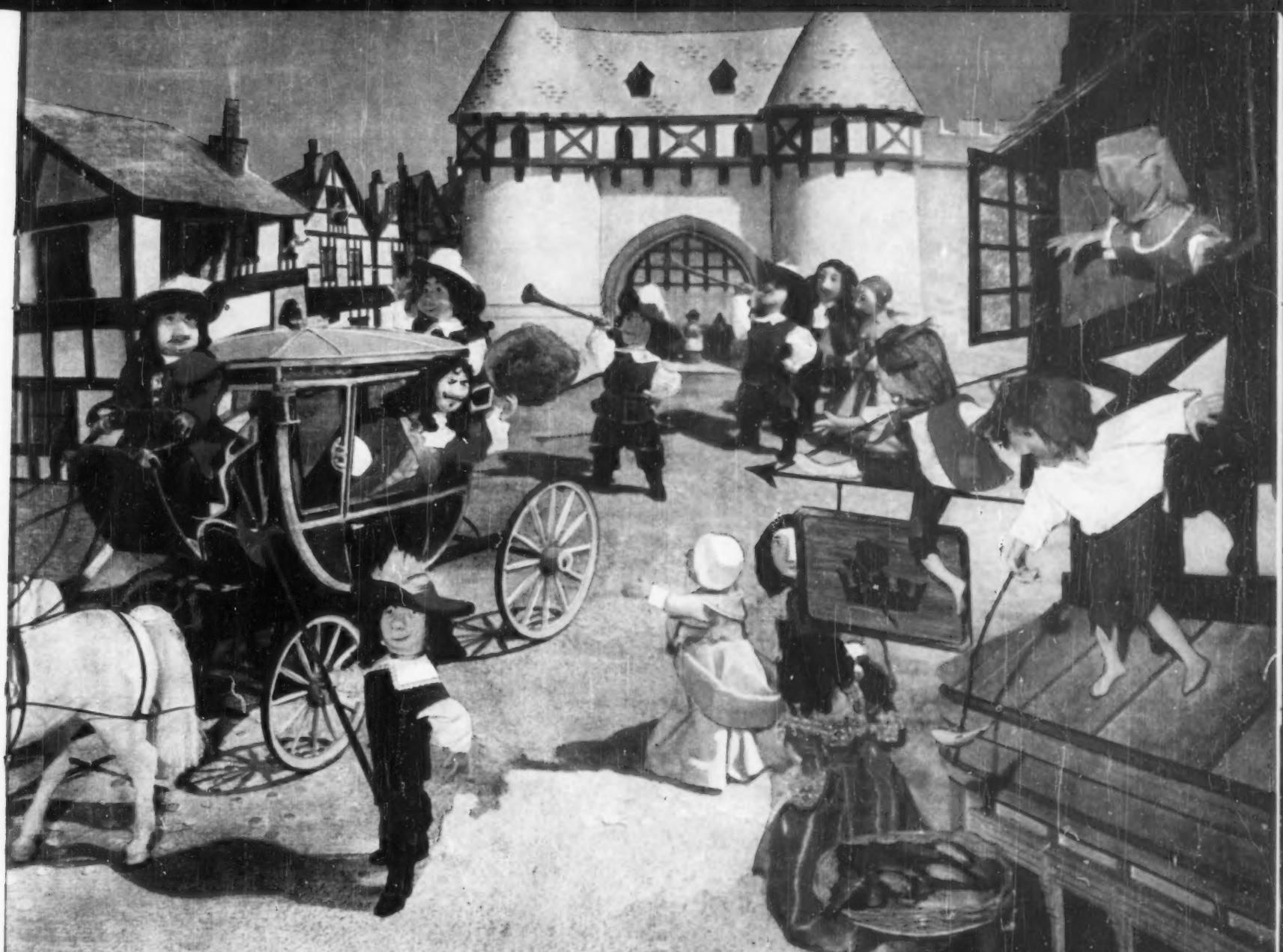
"And he cried, A lion . . ."

Juvenile readers were always excited by the arrival of a lion in the midst of the horsemen, asses and camels, and looked forward to some brisk carnage. But the incident petered out, the lion never reappeared in the narrative. It turned out on reading the Isaiah from the cave that the characters traditionally translated as "a lion" simply meant "he who saw." In the Revised Standard Version, therefore, the passage makes good sense for the first

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time in modern Bibles—but the suspense has vanished.

In Isaiah's third chapter, containing a memorably eloquent warning to women of the dire penalties of pride, a key word has always been missing from the traditional Hebrew text of the twenty-fourth verse. In the King James Version this reads:

"And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty."

But the King James translators simply guessed that "burning" was the alternate to beauty. The word had somehow dropped out of the Hebrew text. Now the Dead Sea Isaiah supplies it. It is "shame."

A third example: the traditional Isaiah states "He hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities." The Dead Sea scroll of Isaiah substitutes a more logical final word: "he hath despised the *witnesses*."

While it is of outstanding interest to find old Bible manuscripts that correct the scripture on which thirty generations of Christians and Jews have been nurtured, the astonishing fact is that the corrections needed after a thousand years are comparatively trivial. The rest of the thirteen changes made in Isaiah by the revision committee are even more technical and, from the layman's viewpoint, minor. Scholars have been more struck by the remarkable preservation of ancient versions of the Old Testament by scribes copying them generation after generation in a script that was already obsolete two thousand years ago, than by a few differences in detail that have been noted.

"An incredible find"

Interest in the changes of Bible text suggested by the Isaiah scroll, however, was mild compared with the controversy immediately stirred up when scholars of half a dozen nations had their first look at the scroll material and offered their assorted opinions. Dr. William Albright, Johns Hopkins professor of Semitic languages, looked at a collection of small photostats of the scrolls through a strong magnifying glass and promptly cabled the American School in Jerusalem:

"Heartiest congratulations on the greatest manuscript discovery of modern times . . . No doubt script is more archaic than Nash Papyrus . . . I date it around 100 B.C. . . . What an absolutely incredible find!"

An equally eminent scholar, Professor Solomon Zeitlin, of Dropsie College, Philadelphia, equally promptly declared the scrolls "worthless" and suggested they had been planted in the cave by the Arabs who found them. Zeitlin has stuck to this belief, although the great majority of scholars now accept the dating of the scrolls to the first centuries B.C. and A.D., especially since atomic science has been used, via the Carbon-14 test, to give the cloths in which the scrolls were wrapped a date of 33 A.D., give or take two hundred years. The Carbon-14 test is based on the constantly diminishing output of radioactive carbon by every organic substance from the moment it ceases to be living matter.

But when the scholars delved into the contents and meaning of the scrolls—particularly the non-Scriptural scrolls with their tantalizing undertones of Christianity—the controversy became widespread (during the next five years some two hundred experts were to write nearly a thousand books and scientific papers on the scrolls in a dozen languages).

The first of the sensational theorists was Professor J. L. Teicher, of Cambridge University, who contended that the scrolls did not merely resemble Christian documents, but actually *were* Christian documents, and the men who left the scrolls in the caves were a sect of early Christians, the Ebionites. The story of the Ebionites is one of the strangest and most tragic chapters in the history of Christianity. During the forty years after the crucifixion of Jesus, Christian communities were being established in many centres of the Roman-dominated world—Athens, Corinth, Antioch, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica and Rome itself, in addition to the mother church in Jerusalem. The converts in these places were chiefly Gentiles, while the Christians of Jerusalem were largely Jews who (like Jesus) adhered to Jewish law and ritual.

But Paul, the great missionary to the Gentiles, found it difficult to make converts who must believe not only in the Messiahship of Jesus but must practice the alien rituals of Judaism. It was Paul who finally declared boldly that Jewish religious law was outmoded and that the faithful followers of Christ need no longer be bound by it. The Christian community of Jerusalem, which followed Matthew's recollection of the orders of Jesus to His disciples, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles . . . but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," thus found itself at odds with the expanding Christian church in foreign lands. Then, in 70 A.D., the Romans put down a Jewish revolt in Palestine, sacked Jerusalem and, some historians have it, drove the mother church of Christianity into exile at Pella across the Jordan. Away from the main stream of spiritual currents, the Ebionites, or "Poor Ones" as the Jewish Christians now called themselves, ceased to be an influence in the rapidly growing church, which was becoming more and more Gentile in membership. But the sect survived hundreds of years, and in the fourth century St. Jerome spoke of them thus:

"What shall we say of the Ebionites, who pass themselves off as Christians? Still in our day in all the synagogues of the East they form a separate sect among the Jews; it is they who are called Nazarenos, who believe in Christ born from the Virgin Mary, but who by wishing to be both Jews and Christians are neither one nor the other."

Teicher, of Cambridge University, maintained that the Teacher of Righteousness in the scrolls was none other than Jesus, while his opponent, "the wicked priest," was Paul, who led Christianity away from the Jews and made it an universal religion.

At the time the Ebionites fled Jerusalem a much larger Jewish sect was driven not only into exile but into oblivion. These were the Essenes. The first mention of Essenes in connection with the Dead Sea scrolls was made by Millar Burrows who suggested as early as April 1948 that the non-Biblical scrolls were the archives "of some comparatively little-known sect or monastic order, possibly the Essenes."

At that time Bible historians knew little enough about the Essenes. Early historians described them as honest, God-fearing men who lived a strictly ordered life, shared their belongings and possessed "a zeal for virtue." The four thousand members shunned cities as corrupt, but maintained communities in towns and villages and traveled about with no baggage, knowing they would receive all they needed from fellow Essenes.

It was a casual mention of the Essenes in a description of the Dead Sea by the Roman naturalist, Pliny the Elder, that provided a clue, two thousand years later, to the long-buried headquarters of Esse-

nism. Pliny described the Essenes as living "on the western shore of the Dead Sea." But he added a statement that made the whole passage seem fanciful. The Essenes, he wrote, dwelt amid palm trees. On that bitter shore no palm tree now grew or seemed likely ever to have grown.

But Dr. André Dupont-Sommer, professor of Semitic languages at the Sorbonne in Paris and director of studies at the French School of Advanced Studies, declared without qualification that the scrolls were the library of the Essenes; that the Teacher of Righteousness and his followers were the forerunners of, and the inspiration for, Jesus and Christianity.

Everything in the non-Scriptural scrolls, Dupont-Sommer insisted, "heralds and prepares the way for the Christian New Covenant. The Galilean Master, as He is presented to us in the New Testament, appears in many respects as an astonishing reincarnation of the Teacher of Righteousness. Like the latter, He preached penitence, poverty, humility, love of one's neighbor. Like him, He prescribed the observance of the Law of Moses, but the Law perfected thanks to His own revelations. Like him, He was the Messiah of God, the redeemer of the world. Like him, He was the object of the hostility of the priests. Like him, He was condemned and put to death. Like him, He pronounced judgment on Jerusalem, which was taken and destroyed by the Romans for having put Him to death. Like him, at the end of time, He will be the supreme judge. Like him, He founded a Church whose adherents fervently awaited His glorious return. In the Christian Church, just as in the Essene Church, the essential rite is the sacred meal, whose ministers are the priests. In both rites at the head of each community there is the overseer, the 'bishop.' And the ideal of both Churches is essentially that of unity, community in love—even going to the extent of sharing property in common."

"These similarities constitute a very impressive whole. The question at once arises—to which of the two sects does the priority belong? Which of the two was able to influence the other? The reply leaves no room for doubt. The Teacher of Righteousness died somewhere between 65 and 53 B.C.; Jesus the Nazarene died about 30 A.D. In every case where the resemblance compels us to think of a borrowing, this was on the part of Christianity."

The reaction of Dupont-Sommer's hearers, many of them ministers of various denominations, was one of shock. One of the audience described the speaker's theories as "hot," and another reported his words "caused a sensation." If Dupont-Sommer's contention was right, pointed out one colleague, then "the uniqueness of Christ was at stake." The implication was that the divinity of Jesus was under attack, the originality of His doctrines in doubt. For why should a divine being deputed by God to save the world have to borrow ideas and ritual from an obscure sect?

In Paris, booksellers pushed sales of pamphlets setting out Dupont-Sommer's theories by assuring customers that the Vatican was trying to suppress the scrolls. One unnamed layman was quoted as suggesting that Christianity would do well to combine forces and raise a sum large enough to buy the scrolls, "then burn them and forget them." Later a British scholar, John Allegro, went even deeper: he claimed to detect in the scrolls the suggestion that the Teacher of Righteousness had been crucified. And the most widely circulated accounts of the scrolls and their significance, by the American writer Edmund Wilson, followed closely

the theories of Dupont-Sommer.

Apparent heresies such as these might well, a century or two ago, have called for drastic defenses from organized religion; but in the middle of the twentieth century most clerical thinkers contemplated the scrolls' "threat" to Christianity with calm. In the first place the Vatican not only helped ransom scrolls from Arab cave searchers, but offered space in its libraries to a share of the documents (the Vatican will receive slightly fewer of the scrolls than McGill University and rather more than other major contribu-

tors. Bonn-Heidelberg University, the University of Manchester, the Bibliothèque National of Paris and the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago). Later, the Vatican issued an official statement that said in substance: "Roman Catholics need not fear the scrolls."

Wilson, prepared for severe attacks from indignant Christians when he published his book, stated a year later: "It seemed to me that the discovery of these pre-Christian documents of a doctrine and a monastic discipline very similar to those of Christianity, as well as of a

Teacher of Righteousness who seemed in some ways to anticipate Jesus—and the finding of these documents in a corner of the world where John the Baptist began his ministry and to which Jesus came to be baptized—might present an embarrassing problem to any theology based on the dogma that Jesus was the Son of God, a unique and supernatural figure... The scrolls have proved not to be disturbing to the clergy of so many churches or to so many people in any church as I had thought they were likely to be."

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religious philosophers might be explained by the comment of a Roman Catholic and a Protestant scholar on the subject. Father Geoffrey Graystone, an English Roman Catholic theologian, had this to say: "Resemblances between the New Testament and the Qumran writings should not surprise us. It is only to be expected that there will be certain likenesses between two such organized religious bodies, both seeking the true God and striving to be perfect, each in its own way. Both owed much to the Old Testament and drew upon it as a common source . . . The revelation of the New Testament was not, so to speak, built up on a vacuum. The Almighty did not make use of a new language, a language from heaven, to convey the mysteries of the Christian faith. Christ said truly, 'I am not come to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfill.'"

And Frank M. Cross, a Presbyterian and professor of the Old Testament at the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago, one of the most respected of the scroll scholars, put the matter of the divinity of Jesus even more liberally: "What bearing do parallels to Jesus' teaching and life have on the Christian faith? Do they challenge the uniqueness of Jesus? It must be said at once that uniqueness is not a historical category . . . the uniqueness of Jesus is a theological assertion, not a historical claim. Few Christians would deny that Jesus was determined by His historical environment . . . Evidently He spoke the language of Palestine, shared the world view of His people and time, held common historical, religious and scientific assumptions, some of them palpably false. Moreover in His own claims He insisted on the unity of His teaching with that of His past; His work was fulfillment, not innovation."

For the first three years of what Millar Burrows calls "the battle of the scrolls," the Bible scholars had only the Arab boy's original find of eight manuscripts as material for study and conjecture. But in 1950 Father Roland de Vaux, a lean bearded priest-archaeologist who headed the Ecole Biblique in Jordanian Jerusalem, an institute of archaeological research operated by the Dominican Order, attended a convention of Bible savants in Copenhagen. There he disclosed to his colleagues from a dozen nations that more scrolls had been found.

Arab cave searchers had come to him, offering new-found manuscripts at a price the Ecole Biblique could not afford. Unhappily, the ancient parchments were being handled by unskilled hands, and most of them were in tragic fragments. In short, money was needed, and as quickly as possible, to buy the scrolls the Arabs were holding for ransom, and also to organize scientifically supervised exploration of other caves in the area before they could be despoiled.

In return the priest was authorized to offer a unique bargain. Those who financed recovery of the scrolls would be given the manuscripts — after they had been pieced together, studied, and mounted between glass plates to be photographed for publication.

Among those who listened to this exciting proposition in Copenhagen was Professor R. B. Y. Scott, a Toronto-born United Church minister then on the staff of McGill and of the United Theological College. Dr. Scott returned to Montreal dedicated to a mission—to find some person or organization willing to put up the fifteen thousand dollars or so required to bring a priceless treasure to Montreal. He finally came in contact with the trustees of the John Henry Birks Foundation, named for the founder of the Canadian jewelry-store chain. They agreed to finance the

project. In return for fifteen thousand dollars (plus five thousand extra granted when an opportunity arose to buy an unexpected find from a roving band of Arabs) McGill University will receive a substantial part of a two-thousand-year-old sacred library containing manuscripts older than any previously known.

The reason for the delay in delivery of the scrolls to McGill is that what the Arabs turned over to Father de Vaux were no longer the scrolls in their original form. Instead they were a baffling and heartbreaking mass of hundreds of fragments, a few large pieces containing as much as a whole Old Testament chapter, but many no larger than a man's hand or thumbnail, bearing only a few lines, a few words, a single word.

Painstakingly, a team of technicians and international Bible scholars has been working on this precious jumble of fragments laid out on long tables in the Palestine Museum of Jordan, cleaning and softening the pieces, then sorting and arranging them into their original form like a vast sacred jigsaw puzzle. As the words of Isaiah and Daniel, Abraham and Moses return to life, the restored manuscripts are sealed between plates of glass, page by page. In this form they will be reproduced for publication — eagerly awaited by the world's Bible scholars — and in this form they will come to Montreal, some eighty glass "sandwiches" containing all that the experts have been able to reconstruct of one set of the Old Testament (with one puzzling exception: Esther has not been found among all the Dead Sea scrolls). In this form the glass plaques will become the John Henry Birks Collection.

Report from a fiery furnace

Not long after he completed arrangements for the acquisition of the scrolls, Dr. Scott was offered and accepted a professorship in the Department of Religion at Princeton University. "The scrolls," he says, "almost made me decide to stay in Canada." He spent the past summer's vacation, however, commuting from his cottage on Lake Memphremagog to Montreal to discuss with McGill officials such questions as how and where the scroll pieces will be displayed, how they can best be made available to students and researchers, and what form of air conditioning will best preserve leather and ink that have survived two thousand years of parching desert dryness.

Meanwhile Scott receives occasional progress reports of the work of restoring the Cave IV scrolls, and to date the prize of the collection appears to be a considerable section of a beautifully scripted manuscript of that eventful Old Testament saga, the Book of Daniel. What makes this manuscript particularly valuable is that experts think it was probably transcribed within one hundred years after the original was written, which would make it closest to the original of any Bible writings in existence.

Daniel is the Bible book that tells how that redoubtable trio, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were miraculously saved from the fiery furnace of King Nebuchadnezzar, the despot who went mad and, as Daniel predicted, ate grass with the beasts of the fields. The book also relates how Daniel interpreted for Nebuchadnezzar's successor, Belshazzar, "the handwriting on the wall" — Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. Finally, it is the book that records how Daniel was sentenced to be cast into the lions' den for secretly praying toward his homeland of Jerusalem, but was saved when God sent an angel to "shut the lions' mouths."

With the money subscribed by Cana-

dians and others, Father de Vaux and his colleague, Lankester Harding, head of Jordan's Department of Antiquities, were able not only to buy scroll fragments found by Arabs, but better still to organize searches of the seemingly numberless caves in the Dead Sea area. They searched and sifted no fewer than two hundred and sixty-seven; in thirty-seven they found evidence of ancient occupation or hasty visits — in some, pottery jars identical with those in which the original find of scrolls had been made; in others, scrolls — scrolls in tens of thousands of fragments, scrolls in fair condition, scrolls that, unprotected by jars and by tender handling, were literally dust. And alone in one cave they found a strange copper scroll, broken in two.

By the time de Vaux and Harding had sifted through every cave they had accumulated fragments of copies of all but one of the books of the Old Testament; in many cases two or more copies. These are the precious fragments that are now being treated, cleaned, pieced together by a dozen volunteer experts at the Palestine Museum, and part of which will come to Canada in a year or two.

When all the caves that could be found were thoroughly explored, de Vaux turned his thoughts to a small, barely visible ruined wall within sight of some of the caves, and to the clue of Pliny's fanciful description of Essenes living beside the Dead Sea amid palms. Explorers and archaeologists had been giving the small ruin by the Wadi Qumran (the Arab name for the place, Khirbet Qumran, means the Qumran ruin), passing interest for at least a hundred years. In 1851 a French explorer suggested it was the remains of Gomorrah, the sinful city by the Dead Sea that the Lord destroyed along with Sodom, by a rain of fire and brimstone (fleeing from which, Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt). In 1873 the noted French archaeologist, Clermont-Ganneau, discoverer of the famed "Moabite stone" which provided new knowledge of ancient Israel and Judah of 900 B.C., nearly added this Essene headquarters to his discoveries, but decided that the ruins were "insignificant."

Now, eight years later, de Vaux set about the systematic excavation of the ancient ruin. The low wall that barely showed above the surface proved to be the remains of a tower. The main structure was a great rectangular enclosure of stone blocks, plastered inside. Plainly visible was the mold left by a tree trunk that served as a central support — the trunk of one of Pliny's palm trees.

Careful excavation disclosed a complex establishment of rooms, passages, stone baths for ritual bathing, a kitchen, a storeroom with a thousand pieces of tableware, a great hall for ritual dining and worship. Most significant were two finds: first, an intact earthenware jar identical with those in which scrolls had been found in the caves; second, a room with long tables that obviously was a scriptorium or workroom of the scribes who lettered those scrolls. Three earthenware inkwells were found, one containing dried ink. In the scriptorium too were plaster basins where the scribes washed their hands before and after writing the sacred name of God.

There could now be little doubt of what had existed — and what had occurred — on the shores of the Dead Sea two thousand years ago. For a century or more before the Christian era a large religious community, evidently the headquarters of a larger movement, had operated at Qumran. Several hundred devotees, who slept in caves and tents but ate communal meals and carried out their religious rites within the walls, inhabited the place. They

worked communally, too, not only at writing scrolls but at ironmongery, pottery and even perhaps a little gardening in soil then less inhospitable than today.

Coins found in crevices of the stone floors indicate that the buildings at Qumran were occupied until 68 A.D., the year the Roman legions passed that way on the march to besiege Jerusalem. There is stark evidence too of attack and precipitate flight — breached walls, burned roofing and woodwork, and Roman arrowheads. Above all, there is the evidence, found first in the neighboring caves, of what they did with their great library.

Almost all experts now agree that the Essenes operated a large religious community at Qumran during the life of Jesus. A few bolder and more imaginative souls, looking at a map that shows Qumran to be only a few miles from such familiar places in the life of Jesus as Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Jericho, have suggested the possibility that the unknown years in the life of the Son of Man, from the age of twelve until about thirty, were spent as a member of the Essene community at Qumran.

It is a fascinating possibility because, instead of leaving a blank of eighteen years in the short life of the man who made our culture and civilization possible, it would provide an almost hour-by-hour knowledge of how He spent his religious apprenticeship. The trouble with this theory, in the eyes of the vast majority of experts, is that it almost certainly is not true. A considerable body of opinion, though, concedes that Essenism might have influenced Christianity via John the Baptist, who very likely knew the Essene doctrine and may even have been a member of the community.

Such questions form the substance of discussion and research for years to come. But there are some more immediate questions still to be answered by students of the Dead Sea scrolls. For example:

Why is the Book of Esther the only Old Testament book not represented in the scrolls or fragments? Some experts believe it might indicate that Esther was

the last book of the Old Testament to be accepted by the elders of Judaism; or that the story, which does not mention God, was regarded as too worldly by the Essenes.

Why did the Essene library contain so many books? Prof. Scott believes that in addition to copying scrolls for their own use, the Essene community may have been an early "publishing house," earning part of the community's income by writing and copying scrolls for other Jewish communities.

Still another question Bible students hope will be answered when the fragmentary Old Testament books are reassembled is this: what is the meaning of that passage many regard as the most bafflingly obscure in the Bible — II Samuel 5:8? Describing David's attack on Jerusalem, the verse states:

"And David said on that day, Whosoever getteth up to the gutter, and smiteth the Jebusites, and the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, he shall be chief and captain. Wherefore they said, The blind and the lame shall not come into the house."

Finally, there is the mystery of the metal scroll found in two pieces in one cave. It was so corroded that it could not be unrolled, and finally it had to be cut apart, a line at a time, and reassembled in narrow strips. The story it unfolded was perhaps the most puzzling of all in the scrolls, for it told of a great treasure in "gold, silver and frankincense" presumably hidden somewhere in the wilderness.

The message of the metal scroll has started a frenzied treasure hunt in the Judean wilderness by bands of Arabs. "We went to great lengths to assure the Arabs that we were only looking for scrolls and that no treasure was involved," said one of the archaeologists on the scene, "but they seemed to suspect that we were trying to deceive them — and now this buried treasure story has to turn up. Oh well, the treasure hunt may turn up some hidden cave with real treasure — more Dead Sea scrolls." ★



Remember when the comics were funny?

Continued from page 11

The Yellow Kid started a craze and a paper war

Brown, and Alphonse and Gaston, the names of early comic strips, were incorporated bodily into the English language. Rube Goldberg, today a political cartoonist for a New York daily, not only introduced such expressions as "Baloney!" and "You don't know from nothing!" but saw his own name become a synonym for zany, wacky, daffy through his strip, *Silly Inventions*.

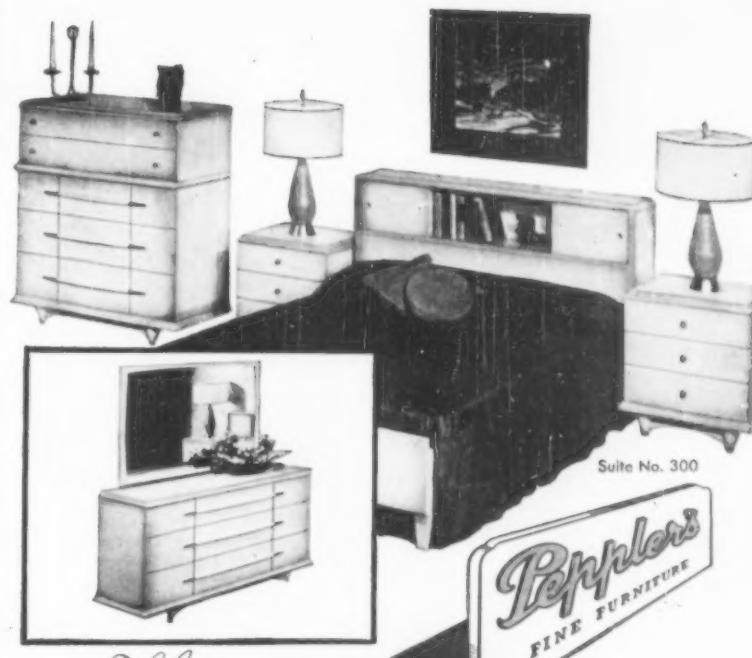
Goldberg also started a fad with his series, *Foolish Questions*. Number 28574, for example, shows a door plainly marked 66 with a caller enquiring if this is Number 66. "No," says the housewife, sarcastically, "we thought the house would look better upside down, so we turned it."

The strange part about the power exerted by the comic strips was that it had been discovered quite accidentally — as a result of a faulty four-color press bought in 1895 by the New York World of Joseph Pulitzer. That year the World, in its savage battle for circulation with the Morning Journal of William Randolph Hearst, had begun showing color pictures of New York scenes. They were so bad

however that they had to be dropped. One day in February 1896, when the Journal was testing a brilliant new yellow dye, the feature editor decided to try again with a line drawing of something comical, to take people's minds off how bad the actual engraving was. He hired one Richard F. Outcault for the job.

Outcault's historic cartoon, entitled *The Great Dog Show* in McGroarty's Avenue, was, according to comic addict Coulton Waugh, "a kind of panorama of the city's slum backyards . . . framing a central figure, a boy with bald head, flap ears, a faintly Chinese face and wearing a pure, light-yellow nightgown." The child's gentle words, such as "Dis geezer is ballin' up de woiks," appeared not in overhead balloons, but on the nightgown.

"The Yellow Kid," as people called it, caused so much attention that when Hearst brought out his weekly comic supplement, *The American Humorist*, in the fall, he too had a Yellow Kid, just as gaudy and uninhibited as Pulitzer's. It should have been, because Hearst had stolen Outcault from the World to draw it.



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The World however had hired George Luks, another artist, to duplicate Outcault's creation, and he was so good that no one could detect the difference. It was this battle of newspapers over an imp in a saffron nightshirt that evoked the term "yellow journalism."

The Yellow Kid lasted only five years, but by then colored comics were a weekly New York habit. Outcault went on to draw Buster Brown, while Luks switched to serious painting and became one of America's top artists.

Weekly comics were first syndicated to all the U.S. in 1904, but it was 1916 before daily and weekly strips began to hit papers all over the globe. Taking the decline of comics as 1929, the world only shook to a rib-tickling rhythm for a little more than ten years.

The greatest all-time mirth maker, still going strong, is The Katzenjammer Kids, modeled after two German brats, Max and Moritz. Started by Rudolph Dirks in 1897, the Katzenjammers (literally "howling cats" or German slang for "hangover") portray the diabolical efforts of Hans and Fritz to torment their poor elders. No device has ever been too awful. Giant firecrackers, glue, wildcats, polar bears, even dynamite have been hurled at all adults except their dear, plump, dumb Mama, who believes her children to be misunderstood angels.

People have forgotten that the Captain and the Inspector, the Kids' chief targets, are no relation to the Kids. The Captain, a retired seaman, just wandered in one day looking for a room. The crusty little Inspector in the stovepipe hat was originally a truant officer searching for the Kids. He too found it more convenient to camp on Mama's doorstep, whether it was an igloo, a south-sea hut or the deck of a ship.

So well received were the Katzes that for fifteen years Dirks was kept hopping to meet deadlines. In 1912 he asked Hearst for a year's leave and was told he could have it if he drew a year's strips in advance. Dirks tried, but was only six months ahead when he chucked it all and left for Europe. While he was away the rival World offered him more money, and he accepted. On his return he found himself involved in a famous test case to decide who owned the Katzenjammers. The first verdict went to Hearst, but a higher court reversed this, declaring that "though the publication owns the strip, the artist is master of his characters."

From that day to this, Dirks has drawn the battle of the Kids vs. the Captain and Inspector under another title, The Captain and the Kids. H. H. Knerr was found to continue the original Katzes for Hearst.

With almost sixty years of continuous publication the Katzenjammers are the mirth-making champions of the comics, but they've had formidable rivals. Fred Opper's Happy Hooligan, begun in 1899, was popular for thirty years. So was his mule in a panel called And Her Name Was Maud! Happy was as dumb as Maud was smart. Once he was mistaken for the incarnation of the Gorak good-luck emblem, and was paid to go to that faraway land. Said Opper, at the end of this first strip of a sequence: "If you have brains and money you can rule the world. All Happy needs now is brains."

Arrived in Gorak, Happy finds that the huge sum of Gorak currency paid him is less than one dollar American. He is ordered by the jealous Grand Vizier to judge a beauty contest of all the king's daughters. Happy sidesteps this trap by telling them the Grand Vizier said they were all too homely to be in

a beauty contest. Ordered to predict the weather correctly or die, he writes his prediction in code. Sentenced to cross a high falls on a tightrope, he agrees—if the Vizier will ride on his back.

Happy may have been brainless, but as any loyal fan could see he wasn't so dumb.

Maud's tricks, such as standing on a judge's chest till he declares her owner's child the baby-contest winner, don't seem so hilarious in the telling. But the mere sight of the four-legged buffoon in any activity convulsed readers, just as Pogo does today.

The daily strip Mutt and Jeff originally appeared in 1907 only in the San Francisco Chronicle, as A. Mutt, a racetrack tout. Bud Fisher, the artist, had seen his strip rejected for years because editors believed people folded their papers vertically to read, and a strip would force them to read sideways. The strip's use in other U.S. papers and eventually around the world was a departure too. Heretofore big papers had felt their only chance for independence lay in having their own artists, columnists and features.

Mutt was alone in his strip till one day in 1910, in an insane asylum, he met a little runt who thought he was Jim Jeffries, the great pugilist. From here on, Mutt and little Jeff were inseparable. So vital were they considered during World War I that the U.S. got Fisher a commission in the British army so he could do authentic war strips. Later, Fisher toured the Mexican war front as guest of Pancho Villa. Villa made Fisher promise that little Jeff would get to sock big Mutt more often in future. In March 1926 Jeff's secret twin Julius knocked out Gene Tunney, causing nationwide consternation.

A pixilated kind of cat

Among other strips of the very early era were Little Jimmy, which is still running, and many now almost forgotten, with names like Black Berries, Little Nemo, Lulu and Leander, The Angel Child, Hairbreadth Harry, Marriage à la Mode, Lady Bountiful, Panhandle Pete, and Mr. Buttin.

One strip whose influence was felt far beyond its own borders was the famous Krazy Kat, started by an ex-house painter named George Herriman in 1913. Drawn against weird, sometimes sinister backgrounds, its main characters were Krazy Kat, a pixilated dreamer who pines for the malicious Ignatz Mouse, who pines only for bigger and sharper bricks to hurl at Kat. The third principal was Offisa Bull Pupp, representing the law, who tries vainly to keep bricks from bashing the uncomplaining Kat. Gilbert Seldes, internationally known author and critic of the lively arts, called the plight of these three "the century's wisest . . . gayest fable of the problem of evil."

In early 1925 Offisa Pupp almost had a stroke when he found Ignatz drumming up a "Don't Throw Bricks" week, until he learned that the brickyard was closed for repairs. Krazy called another regular, Don Kiyote, "extrevgint" because he wore a monocle over his glass eye, but Don explained the glass eye was short-sighted.

Another time Offisa Pupp smiled a boys-will-be-boys smile when he found Ignatz waiting (in the desert) with a snowball intended for Krazy. As the snowball melted, however, a huge brick was revealed inside. The Offisa hauled Ignatz off to the pokey. On the way they passed Krazy who looked lovingly at the little rodent and said, "Maybe when he gets done with that little game

him and Offisa Pupp is playing toggedda, preheps he'll pay a intention at me — li'l Passa by."

The language alone in Krazy Kat was enough to send grammarians into screaming lunacy and aficionados into rhapsodic attempts at imitation.

Cliff Sterrett's Polly and Her Pals and George McManus' Bringing Up Father both started in 1913 and proved durable pleasers. Polly, along with her parents, her cousin Ashur Url Perkins, Neewah the Butler and Kitty the angular cat, was the first pretty girl to be featured in a strip. McManus tried four other strips before Jiggs — Panhandle Pete, Let George Do It, The Newlyweds, and Their Only Child. All were mildly successful, but with Jiggs—an Irish laborer who suddenly gets rich by putting some money into a screwball invention, and regrets it ever after—McManus hit people where they lived. He was soon being shown around the world, in more than twenty-five languages. Ireland banned him for years.

Surprisingly enough, although much of Jiggs' life is spent dodging a domineering wife called Maggie, the strip has always been popular in male-dominated Latin America, where Jiggs is called Don Pancho.

Barney Google, started in 1919, hit pay dirt in 1922 when DeBeck allowed Sparky to win a race, an unheard-of event in a comic character's life. In 1925 Sparky also swam the English Channel, the first horse to do so. The sequence that followed illustrates just how funny the comics were in those days:

Barney, returning to New York in 1926 to accept the honors due this illustrious animal's owner, saved the tip he would have to pay the boat steward by not using his room at all. He slept in a lifeboat instead. At the civic reception given by Mayor Jimmy Walker, Barney found it was Sparky they were honoring, not himself. He finally took a job as waiter to get into the reception. Later, when amends were made, he was given an acorn and told to be present at the White House for a planting ceremony with the president. He didn't show up.

He was found sitting on a park bench, tossing the acorn up and down, philosophically.

"I'm keeping this acorn," said Barney. "Who knows, I might have a house of my own some day, and I need shade as well as the next guy."

Percy Crosby's Skippy had this same engaging modesty. He was kneeling to say his prayers one night when a piece of ceiling plaster landed on his head. "Come, God," he admonished, "this is no time for jokes." Another time he was being beaten up by a tough kid whose pants fell down just as a sightseeing bus passed and he had to use both hands to keep them up.

"Aha!" snarled Skippy, dancing around with fists flailing, "so you wanna fight, eh?"

Rube Goldberg's most famous creation, Boob McNutt, spent a good deal of his early days foiling the beauteous Pearl's plans to marry him. But one day, to the surprise even of Goldberg, they tied the knot. They did not live happily ever after, however, as they might in books, because the comic strip had to go on, and also because conubial bliss bored people of the Twenties. From this time on Boob, along with his eloquent dog Bertha and the twins Mike and Ike ("We look alike") spent years searching for Pearl, who kept getting lost.

Many famous stars, seeing the huge salaries cartoonists sometimes got, tried

the art. There was a Chaplin-written strip in 1915 and one written by Will Rogers in the Twenties. Both quit after a few months because of the arduous work schedule imposed by relentless deadlines on even the highest-paid stripers. Sol Hess, a Chicago jeweler, had such a knack for it, however, that for years he supplied gags to artists for nothing, till he collaborated with W. A. Carlson on his own strip, The Nebbs, in 1923. The name comes from the Jewish *nibich* meaning "poor sap."

Perhaps because of the labor involved, only a few women, such as Edwina Dumm with Cap Stubbs and Tippie, Fanny Cory with Little Miss Muffet and Grace Drayton with Golly Dimples, succeeded in this predominantly masculine world.

But though women have not drawn many strips, women—particularly flappers—filled the funny pages of the Twenties. Cuddles, Rosie, Tillie, Boots, John Held Jr.'s Oh Margy, Dixie Dugan, Dumb Dora (the predecessor of Blondie) continually made boobs of men. Other strips like Pa's Son-in-Law, Clarence, Freddie the Sheik, Helpful Henry, The Outline of Oscar, the Van Swaggers, Us Boys, Gus and Gussie, Main Street Jed, Salesman Sam, It's Papa Who Pays, Keeping Up With the Joneses, Ella Cinders, Pam, Dicky Dippy's Diary, Wedlocked, Drowsy Dick, Winnie Winkle, Harold Teen, The Potters, and The Bungle Family dealt mainly with the doings of women, usually to the sorrow of men.

Fontaine Fox's Toonerville Folks, a pre-World War I comic, had such strange females as Aunt Eppie Hogg, "the fattest woman in three counties," and The Powerful Katrinka. Here, however, men mostly won out, thanks to Mickey (Himself) McGuire, Handlebar Hank, the Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang, and of course the Skipper of the Trolley himself. Freckles and Jerry on the Job's troubles with women were small, and Thimble Theatre, though equipped with its quota of weird witches, redeemed itself in 1929 by developing Popeye the Sailor, the greatest male of them all.

In all long-term strips it had been found you didn't need a belly laugh every day to hold interest. Readers would wait weeks to be amused—if they liked a character. Clare Briggs could raise a smile any time with That Guiltiest Feeling, just by having a red-faced man in plus fours going golfing when everyone else was heading for church. His other strip, Mr. and Mrs., was the same. Joe and Vi rarely did anything very funny, but anything they did caused a quiet reminiscent chuckle.

What brought about the switch from comedy for its own sake to comedy just to lighten the heavy drama was a combination of factors.

First of all, in testing a strip's popularity one method prevailed: leave it out and see if anybody noticed. Invariably those omission's most quickly noted were strips with continuity of action. Editors aiming to please, therefore, tossed out the unnoticed ones and put in new ones with stories to them. This process eventually killed or reduced to a minor role such day-to-day humor strips as Salesman Sam, Bobo Baxter, Polly and Her Pals, Mutt and Jeff, Nize Baby, Dizzy Dramas, Pop, Elmer, Little Jimmy, School Days and others.

Some strips, noting the trend, were able to switch emphasis to weather the storm. Just Kids got an award in 1929 for its Road Safety campaign. Wash Tubbs took on Captain Easy and adventure. Chief Wahoo leaned more to the uncomical Steve Roper. Rube Goldberg,



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however, refused to make Boob or Bobo over into something they weren't, and dropped his whole bag of nuts in 1934 rather than go serious.

The main reason for the dropping or switch-over of many comics, however, was the growing sophistication of the comic audience. Adults and kids had other things to amuse them—radio and talkies, for example.

The change that began in 1929 was at first not so much in content as in style. Heretofore, a simple coconut-shaped ovoid had served as head and/or body for some of the most popular comics. Dogs like Boob McNutt's Bertha, or Buster Brown's Tige, spoke out lustily whenever they had an idea. Rolling pins and bricks bashed against human and animal skulls with amazing regularity and lack of effect.

In the new strips little of this held good. Humans, animals and the backgrounds against which they worked were artistically correct. If someone planted his five-fingered fist on another's well-drawn jaw, the word "POW!" did not appear. A person indicating surprise did not collapse in a flutter of limbs, exclamation points, hair on end and other signs of distress. Animals for the most part were seen but not heard.

Oddly enough, considering that the vast majority of comic-strip artists were Americans, it was a Canadian who led off the move to plow under the old-style comics. Hal Foster was his name and Halifax his birthplace, though his folks moved to Winnipeg in 1906 when Harold was fourteen. He was a mail-order-catalogue artist first, then a guide in the Sioux Lookout area before he was chosen in January 1929 to illustrate the first really well-drawn "comic" strip, Tarzan of the Apes.

Tarzan's instant popularity brought in a second scale-drawn strip in the fall, called Buck Rogers, which also prospered. Then the floodgates burst open to admit dozens of well-drawn strips from Flash Gordon and Dick Tracy to King of the Royal Mounted and Terry and the Pirates. (Foster took over Prince Valiant in 1937.) And though comic pages expanded to accommodate them, along with a few bright new and often funny comics like Blondie, Pogo, The Little King, Napoleon and Li'l Abner, the accent had definitely shifted.

Soon, people had to search for comical strips on the "funny page." Kids newly come to comics were hardly ever seen to smile, and never, never to laugh aloud.

Many of the old-time artists are still

alive but others like H. H. Knerr, Sol Hess, Bud Fisher, Clare Briggs and Russ Westover have passed on. In most cases, however, their creations continue as ageless as ever, though often altered somewhat. George McManus, who grew to look more and more like his pal Jiggs, died two years ago. Doc Winner, who did Elmer and lately the Katzenjammers as well, drew his final strip on this earth last August. Sidney Smith of The Gumps died in 1935 in an auto crash, less than an hour after signing a five-year contract for \$150,000 a year. A sports cartoonist on the same paper, Gus Edson, took over. When Billy DeBeck died in 1943 his assistant, Fred Lasswell, took over.

When George Herriman died in 1944, however, so great was the sentiment that no artist was sought to continue the supralunar antics of Krazy Kat.

Adults of today, ruefully surveying comic pages livid with murder, bosomy females, suspense and over-illustrated sob stories, must hark back wistfully to the days when funnies honestly tried to live up to the name. Primitive and stylized they might have been by today's standards, and often given to repetition. But whether your native tongue was Italian, Arabic or English, you seldom needed anyone to tell you when to laugh. ★



Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 5

The Ottawa Santa is frustrated—most of the stockings are filled

would be putting up the money to make it possible for a foreign government to compete with the Canadian aluminum industry—and yet this scheme was advocated quite seriously by some highly respectable citizens.

Other schemes are sensible enough but won't add a great deal to the productive capacity of the region. An example of this type is the proposed causeway across Northumberland Strait, to connect Prince Edward Island with New Brunswick. The proposal is being studied with care. If it can be done for fifty million dollars or less, and some of its advocates think it can, it will probably be worthwhile. If it costs more than that it won't be economic by any standard. But even if it is built the P.E.I. causeway will not be a major addition to the Maritime economy. Like its smaller counterpart, the Canso causeway to Cape Breton Island, it will be a convenience rather than a substantive asset.

One suggestion, though, has enough novelty and originality to have caused a good deal of interest in Ottawa. This proposes a combined power and soil conservation scheme that would harness the tides of the Bay of Fundy.

At present, according to engineers who have taken samples and made a few sedimentation tests, every tide takes about sixty-three thousand tons of good Nova Scotia and New Brunswick soil and dumps it into the Bay of Fundy. The tide goes out twice a day. The annual loss, if their estimate is right, must run around forty-six million tons of topsoil.

These engineers calculate that dams across the mouths of some major inlets, like Minas Basin and Cumberland Basin and the estuary of the Petitcodiac River, would reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land and save as many more from future erosion. They would replace some other areas of ugly tidal mud flats with bays of clean still water. And the same dams would per-

mit development of about half a million horsepower of electricity.

Theoretically the tides of Fundy could produce ten times as much power in the same places, but nobody knows what it would cost to harness them. Also, there is no immediate market in the region for five million horsepower. Five hundred thousand horsepower could be used at once, and give enough energy for as much industrial expansion as anyone can now foresee.

The cost of the scheme has been tentatively estimated at one hundred million dollars. Even in these days of budget surplus disposal problems, that is a lot of money. But for an investment of only two million dollars an experimental project, a sort of pilot plant, could be built at Memramcook, N.B. Engineers believe this experiment would contain all the problems of the big job. If they find they can do the one, they'll be sure they can do the other.

Glum truth on the Atlantic

No decisions have been made on this or any other plan for the development of the Atlantic provinces. Even a full investigation has not yet been made, and the foregoing figures are little more than informed guesses. However, the mere suggestion has roused a good deal of interest among the people in Ottawa who are looking for sound ways to invest the taxpayers' capital.

The glum truth is that few such opportunities exist in the Atlantic region. The people there often refer to their part of the country as "undeveloped" because its standard of living and per capita income are lower than those of the rest of Canada. But in fact the Maritimes region is the only section of Canada that is fully developed. Except for the recently discovered ore bodies in New Brunswick, the value of which is still undetermined, every known national re-

source in the area is being exploited.

Some are even overexploited. The recent coal-mine disaster at Springhill, N.S., threw the spotlight again on an old anomaly. Public funds are spent year after year to subsidize an operation that keeps several thousand men engaged in the hardest, most unhealthy, most dangerous kind of work. The coal they dig out is expensive. Oil is cheaper as well as cleaner; local chambers of commerce often beg Ottawa to put up oil-heated buildings in their neighborhood, instead of following the present practice of making federal buildings customers of the Maritime coal industry. Obviously the miners are risking their lives each day for no real net economic good.

Nevertheless, one of the commonest suggestions for aiding the Atlantic economy is some kind of increase, direct or indirect, in the subsidies on Maritime coal production.

Another, even commoner, is to reduce the cost of transportation to and from the Atlantic provinces. Freight rates to the coast have for years been lower than the standard rates, and there is a good case for increasing this reduction. On the other hand, a lifetime's experience has shown that this alone won't keep the Atlantic economy prosperous.

As for road building with federal aid, a suggestion that gets sympathetic attention from Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, of Newfoundland, it would indeed be a fine thing for Newfoundland. For the other Atlantic provinces it might be a convenience, but no real asset—they have roads enough, and in good enough shape, to move all the traffic they have or expect to have.

These are some of the reasons why the Ottawa Santa Claus is so frustrated. The stockings he can find are already bulging. The people who need his help seem to go barefoot, and to live in houses with no chimneys for him to come down. ★

Mailbag

How to get Arabs and others together

Dorothy Thompson's article, We've Earned the Arabs' Hatred (Nov. 10), is excellent. There is no doubt that "What the West fears is that Egypt will use the canal to promote her own political, financial and military interests." The more Egypt gets the stronger she will become and the better position she will be in to wring more concessions. The more western Europe and England give up, the weaker they will become, and the worse position they will be in to resist further demands. The standard of living in Egypt will go up, while the standard of living in western Europe and England will go down. It boils down to one question: who is to live, and who is merely to exist?

If anyone has a workable plan that will benefit both Arabs and Europeans then the problem is solved.—E. H. COREA, TORONTO.

• Maclean's should apologize for the grossly slanted articles by Blair Fraser and Dorothy Thompson on Suez and particularly for the cartoon, "To Arms! To Arms!" No demand to send troops to its aid has been made by Britain to Canada in my lifetime.

Britain and France have a perfect right, legally and morally, to clean up the Middle Eastern situation as they see fit. Their existence has been threatened by it.—GORDON BLACK, VANCOUVER.

• Your views on the Arab problems really enlightened me. And should do so for a few of our leaders.—G. MONET, MONTREAL.

• For an excellent presentation of the Suez issue, kudos to Fraser.—BROTHER ARTHUR, ROGERSVILLE, N.B.

Baxter's defense of Eden

It was no surprise to read in your Nov. 10 issue that Beverley Baxter was sticking up for Eden (Bax's Battle with the



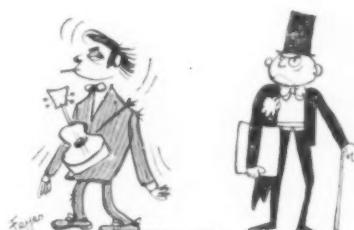
Daily Mirror). It was, however, new to find Baxter acting the cry baby. Accusing the Mirror of giving comfort to the enemy in attacking Eden's insane handling of the Suez situation is a little too preposterous . . . The real reason Baxter is bemoaning the attacks on Eden is that even he finds it impossible to defend him so he falls back on the "comfort to the enemy" sob story.—LEIGH R. TELFER, ILDERTON, ONT.

No sloppy Joes at Ryerson

All Ryerson graduates will thank Earle Beattie for such a lucid explanation of the Ryerson Institute of Technology in his article, The Versatile College with the Concrete Campus (Nov. 10).

When I read the remarks on dress regulations for male students I recalled the protests from diehards when the "new deal" was introduced in 1954. Yet it was an important change in raising school prestige.

It is most disturbing to observe an undergrad after school hours sporting baggy



trousers, gaudy shirt, haircut ranging from golliwog to Presley, and a Ryerson jacket to advertise this slip-shod appearance in spite of the fact that he may dress properly at school.—GERALD L. PIZER, TORONTO.

The salt miners of Pugwash

In Cyrus Eaton's Hideaway for Brains (Oct. 27) it is stated that the development of salt at Pugwash, N.S., was undertaken by Canadian Industries Ltd. The Canadian Salt Company Ltd. purchased salt interests of Canadian Industries Ltd. in 1951 and the development of the salt mine and mill at Pugwash was undertaken by the Malagash Salt Co. Ltd., a subsidiary of The Canadian Salt Company Ltd.—J. H. BURTCHE, WINDSOR.

An accolade for our fiction

Have just finished reading This is Why I Killed Them (Nov. 10) and think it's the best Canadian fiction I've read in any magazine.—MRS. E. R. JACKSON, REGINA.

A new party to vote for

To your editorial, If They Won't Vote, Don't Coax Them (Nov. 10), I say, All Hail! There are too many people whose ambition is to make someone else do something that suits them. These torch-carrying nuisances want me to drink some concoction for the good of my false teeth; they want me to donate to something I don't want to and to join the Ancient Order of What Have You.

I would support a movement to make people mind their own business.—L. A. DENT, COCHRANE, ONT. ★

IT TELLS HIM EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE IN MIND...

CHANEL N° 5



It's after the show, or after the concert, or after the late, late television program. You go into the kitchen—and you know exactly what you want: a low-calorie snack of good Canadian cheese, oven-crisp crackers—and a glass of Canadian '74' Port. Cheese is just cheese, and crackers are just crackers—but when you sample the combination with '74' Port, you taste for yourself how wine lends magic to food.

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This Christmas...
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USE COUPON ON PAGE 33



EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE



London Letter continued from page 4

"The martyrs of Poland and Hungary may have saved us from war"

or a howling chorus of, "Resign, resign!" Opposite him was Hugh Gaitskell, the leader of the opposition. He was merciless but he was not unfair. Beside him was his chief lieutenant, Aneurin Bevan, who once described Gaitskell as a desecrated adding machine. But for once Gaitskell was not worrying about his chief subordinate—the whole socialist pack was united in pursuit of the fox.

Meantime the public were taking a hand. True to the good old British habit, they were writing to their MPs, urging us to get rid of Sir Anthony before he brought any further disgrace to Britain.

If you will forgive a personal reference, let me put on record that the letters from my constituents were ninety-nine percent hostile to the government. That is a big percentage, but you must remember the people who write to the press do so because they want to protest. Otherwise, why write a letter? In my north-London constituency there is a local weekly newspaper called the Palmers Green Gazette (the district of Palmers Green is included in the borough of Southgate). At the height of the Arab-Israel drama I sent this letter for publication in that paper:

I have received many letters from my constituents, urging me to denounce Sir Anthony Eden and to dissociate myself from the government's direct intervention in the Middle East. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity and deep anxiety which prompted these letters. In turn, I trust that they will not doubt that my opinions are just as sincerely held.

For many tragic years the League of Nations and then the United Nations have supplied a sop to the conscience and an excuse for inaction. In the case of the United Nations the veto was introduced to make certain that the wobblers would always have their way. That was why President Truman acted first against the North Koreans' thrust and then presented UNO with an accomplished fact.

Russia has been bedeviling the Middle East for the last two years. Russia was behind Nasser's seizure of the canal. Russia would have intervened on Egypt's side in the Israel-Egyptian war. America could not act because as usual she was on the eve of an election. Only France and Britain dared to face the facts of life and to act.

Sir Anthony Eden, who was himself a brave soldier and who lost a son in the Second World War, had the courage for the occasion. He sent our troops to intervene between the Arabs and the Israelis. In short, he did what the United Nations should have done and what, because of the veto, would never have been done. Because of his realism and courage he has been vilified by a malignant section of the British press and howled down by the socialists in the House of Commons and by the mobs in the street. That was to be expected. But now he is also being condemned by kindly well-meaning people who believe that a nation's conscience and a nation's security should be left to an international body in which Russia, the murderer of nations, has the power of veto.

I support Sir Anthony Eden in every action that he has taken. And in doing so I believe that I have interpreted the true spirit of Southgate.

My only purpose in asking the readers of Maclean's to read that letter is to show the relation of a Tory MP to his British constituents at this period.

There is such a hatred of war and such a revulsion against young men being killed or maimed in conflict with a small power like Egypt that the conscience of the nation cries out against it. Every Conservative MP in Britain is faced with that revulsion from his well-meaning constituents. Yet I have no doubt that the eventual verdict will be in Sir Anthony's favor.

War in the name of peace

Russia wanted an Israel-Arab war, knowing that the Western powers were committed to the security and survival of the state of Israel, which was created by the victors of the 1914-1918 war at the behest of the United States. With such a war Russia could threaten the West and give aid to the Arabs, and all in the name of peace. Afterward Russia could assume the role of protector of the Arabs and the controller of Middle East oil resources. Understandably, the decent ordinary

British folk would ask, "What does oil matter compared to the lives of our young men?" That is a cry from the heart and it would rouse a response from normal people everywhere. But sometimes a question can be answered by a question: "What would happen to the livelihood of the people of Britain and Western Europe if the Middle East and its oil wells passed under the control and armed might of Russia?"

Undoubtedly Russia's timetable was completely upset by the risings in Poland and Hungary. The bravery of the martyrs in those countries may well have saved us all from a third world war. Nor do I use those words lightly. That is the opinion of the inner political circles of Britain and France. By ending the Israel-Arab war the British and French gave the United Nations a chance to act with a giant's strength.

Out of it has come the opportunity — perhaps the last opportunity — for the United Nations to become an instrument of real authority instead of a mere debating society that by its weakness gives encouragement to the wicked and dismay to the virtuous.

As far as Britain is concerned, I believe that this country will yet proclaim Sir Anthony Eden as a man of great heart and strength of purpose who dared when others dithered. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 11

Roger Lemelin

se souvient d'un repas



Très simple, mais délicieux

J'ai pris d'excellents repas dans ma vie, mais le meilleur de tous, je l'ai goûté avec ma femme, à Vienne, France, chez Point, considéré comme le meilleur restaurant de France et probablement du monde. C'était en 1953, j'avais peu d'argent, mais je voulais me venger des repas à 75 cents que j'avais offerts à ma femme en 1945, lors de mon voyage de noces, quand je n'avais en poche que \$75, empruntés d'ailleurs d'un de mes amis. Je voulais aussi payer aussi cher pour un repas qu'il en coûtait à mes parents, par mois, pour nourrir leur famille de dix enfants durant la crise, soit environ \$40. Voici le repas très simple, mais délicieux, qu'on me servit dans cette célèbre ville du Midi:

Asperges vinaigrette
Quenelles au brochet (de tout avec un Pouilly-Fuisse 1947)
Une pièce de bœuf au vin, cuite au four, avec champignons
Une salade vinaigrette caressée d'ail
Le tout arrosé d'un Chambertin 1935
Dessert: crêpes suzette
Café filtre
Liqueur: un petit marc de champagne

\$54.80

We slept the whole afternoon under a two-hundred-year-old oak. (Please notice there is no soup nor potatoes. We of the American continent are inclined to kill our appetite with hors d'oeuvres, bread, soup, potatoes.) ★

ROGER LEMELIN IS A POPULAR QUEBEC NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.



The preacher's daughter with Les Girls

Continued from page 25

With the secret out Beaverbrook dined her and the char winked. "I fancy you were a bit of a one"

other industrial enterprises.

And finally, far from guarding her secret to the grave, Constance has produced an impudent book called *Les Girls* — the time-honored title of the Folies-Bergère line. Already a best-seller in England, it was brought out in Canada a few weeks ago. The film rights have been sold and a musical based on *Les Girls* is to be released next summer.

Because of crippling U.K. income taxes, the wages of syntax is negligible; Constance claims her proceeds can be totted up in shillings and pence. But the other wages are not as advertised either.

Her husband is not, for example, horrified. He boasts about her. In fact he cited her to illustrate an economic point in a speech on inflation in Edinburgh last October. "At the price of some pulp and paper and a bottle of champagne to celebrate," he said fondly, "my wife is now earning dollars for the U.K."

The Weeks' sophisticated London circle is equally beguiled. As soon as he'd read *Les Girls*, Lord Beaverbrook threw a champagne dinner in honor of his compatriot. The Weeks' charlady "adored" the book. "I laughed and I laughed," she said admiringly, adding with a wink, "I fancy you were a bit of a one."

In New York late last fall to launch the North American edition of her book, Constance explained why her adventures embarrassed her family no more than they do her husband. "We were a most unconventional minister's family," she said. Her father, the Rev. Harold Tomkinson, belonged by turns to the Presbyterian Church, the Congregationalists, the Methodists and the United Church of Canada. The whole family liked traveling, so Tomkinson accepted every call that came; he was popular, so they moved often.

"We never purposely shocked people, but we were always finding we shocked them," Constance recalled, seated in her mother's New York apartment. She is a slender vivacious woman with a pleasant contralto and a debonair smile. Her three-year-old daughter Jane was asleep in the bedroom. Her younger sister Joan, an office manager and spare-time poet, brought in tinned beer and glasses.

In one parish, Constance recalled, an aged neighbor had been outraged because the minister's two daughters smuggled paper dolls into church for diversion during the sermon. And Mrs. Tomkinson was criticized for wearing ankle socks in midsummer. "Our flighty ma," said Con-



"WHY ARE YOU AND MAMA SO LATE, PAPA?"

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FATHER: It may have escaped your attention, Sophanisba, that your father's cellar needs replenishing. So your mother and I took the opportunity afforded us by passing Mr. Labatt's establishment to order a generous stock of his India Pale Ale.
DAUGHTER: Pray, Papa, why is this ale your constant choice?
FATHER: Foolish child. There is no other ale

worthy of the attention of the male. You would be well advised when the time comes to choose a life partner, to enquire into his taste in ale. See to it, that he drinks nothing but India Pale Ale, for such is the mark of a man. Moreover, it indicates an ability to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. India Pale Ale, Sophanisba, is a MAN'S ale.



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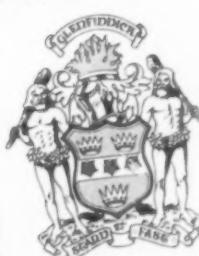
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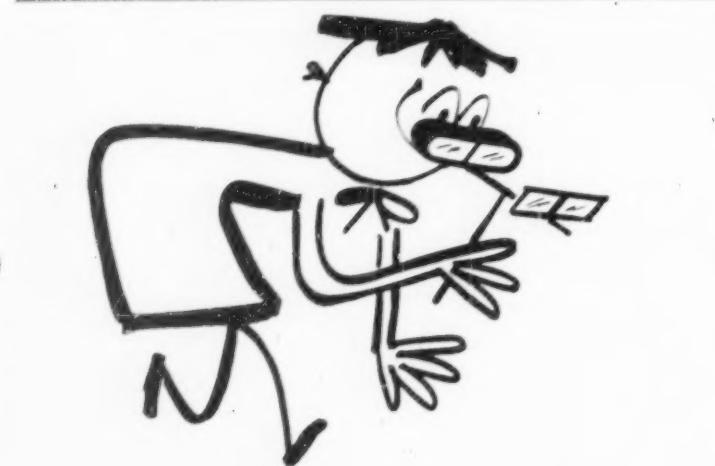
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If it's a pleasant change of scenery you're looking for when it comes to the refreshment picture, better focus your eyes on LABATT'S Pilsener. Lighter than ale, drier than lager, LABATT'S Pilsener gives that extra dimension of pleasure, is the beer that refreshes with every sparkling sip. Try quenching your thirst with Pilsener! The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries!

LABATT'S
...for thirst!



stance fondly, smiling at the memory.

Besides St. John's — and a short interlude in Iowa — the Tomkinsons lived in Canoe, Sydney, Halifax, Springhill, McAdam, Yarmouth and Moncton before the pastor's death during the war. A Moncton churchgoer still remembers Mrs. Tomkinson: "She was fond of ice skating. She spent a lot of time on the public rink ... even — she pursed her lips — 'on prayer-meeting nights.'"

Mrs. Tomkinson is a slim woman with a cap of white curly hair, a merry round face and a manner as lively as a brandy snap. She admitted she'd been the black sheep of her own family. "They were solidly ministers," she said cheerfully. "I was a member of the Canadian Authors' Association until recently."

Constance upped her glass of beer. "Yes, you're the one who's the real writer in this family." Mrs. Tomkinson has written scholarly articles for the Dalhousie Review and the New Outlook, predecessor of the United Church Observer; poetry for tourist booklets and newspapers, and two Canadian novels. One of them, *Her Own People*, was considered for a Governor-General's Award. "It didn't get it, though," Constance added. "They probably couldn't stomach the seduction in the sleigh." Her second book, *Welcome Wilderness*, is on the supplementary reading list of the University of New Brunswick.

Two performances every Sunday

"My aunt and my cousin," said Mrs. Tomkinson reflectively, "thought my books were a little sexy." She turned to Constance. "I'm glad some of my darling old relatives aren't still alive. They'd certainly have been shocked by your book."

"Do 'em good," said Constance. The three Tomkinson women smiled. "We were a solid unit," Constance explained. "As soon as we were about ten we backed mother up. Father encouraged us in it. He didn't care what we did on Sunday as long as the whole congregation wasn't right outside the door. Church? We did two performances on Sunday, and Sunday school. I taught Sunday school and sang in the choir."

Tomkinson let the children bury dead pets in sacred ground and then offered up appropriate prayers for "lost friends" while the girls sobbed in the front pew. He adored his family, though he occasionally locked himself for long periods in the serenity of his study. He also locked himself in if he wanted to smoke. "When visitors came," said Constance, "we'd rush in and flap the smoke out the window before they smelled it."

Constance loved dancing; she wanted to be an actress too; and someday, she declared, she would be a writer like her mother. Her parents encouraged her. They took her to see Gladys George in *The Ruined Lady* in Chicago when she was four. At nine she was taken to Europe, with Joan, to get her mind broadened.

When Constance decided she wanted to go to dramatic school in New York, the family scraped up the tuition fee and Mrs. Tomkinson took her down (and seized the chance to do research for a novel in the New York Public Library). The current congregation understood she was studying music; actually Constance was enrolled in the Neighborhood Playhouse drama school and the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance.

Schooled in eurythmics and the Boleslavsky method of acting, she went to England and advanced on London's West End. When she couldn't get a job in a play she picked up the time-step — the basis of all music-hall routines — and joined

a tiny little touring show as a hooper. After being stranded in Sweden, she headed for Paris, landed a job at the Folies-Bergère, and by and by wrangled a place in an elite troupe of peripatetic English show girls socially comparable to the Gatsby Girls of the Nineties, the Ziegfeld Girls of the Twenties and present-day fashion models.

"As a chorus girl," Constance recalled, "I went from the bottom to the top in just under two years. I never did get anywhere as an actress."

She demonstrated that she could still do a time-step and confirmed the fact that her measurements are still the same: 34-21-35. She is five foot six. "I'm still a Canadian," she announced. "If you're a Canadian you have a streak of Puritanism in you." She explained that, while most chorus girls don't worry about being broke, it bothered her to be down to her last ten shillings, as she occasionally was.

A sporadic romance with a German sculptor named Karl was terminated by Munich; Constance left the chorus line to try her luck once more in London's West End, failed, and accepted a job as secretary-interpreter to a restless cement magnate who wanted to go around the world. She routed him via Canada, so her mother could inspect and okay him. War broke out when they were in Manila; and shortly afterward her father died. She hot-footed it back to Canada and then joined the British Purchasing Commission in New York.

Back in England after the war she became, in succession, secretary of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, a play reader with the London Mask Theatre and finally secretary-assistant to Tyrone Guthrie, then director of the Old Vic Theatre.

She took a morning off from theatre in 1949 to get married to Hugh Weeks, whom she had met in New York during the war. He had come over on several missions with Churchill and Lord Keynes. She left the Old Vic permanently in 1952 to have a baby and write plays full-time. The plays remain unpublished.

Dejected over the string of rejection slips, she tried her hand at an article about her sojourn at the Folies, shipped off the result to the Atlantic monthly in Boston and began another play.

One day while she was bathing Jane the phone rang. A man named Edward Weeks announced himself. He said he had just arrived from America. She tried to think which cousin of her husband Edward Weeks might be. He told her he was the editor of the Atlantic. He was excited about her article and was not related to her husband. "We think we've discovered a new humorous writer," he said. "Could you expand the article? Do a second one? A third one? Do a book?"

She steadied the slippery wriggling baby on her lap and started to shake. The



MACLEAN'S

next morning she began Chapter I. She showed it to her mother. "Fine for a first draft," said her mentor crisply. "Now polish it." The chapter on the Folies-Bergère appeared in the Atlantic while she was still polishing the book draft. She was in Brittany, repolishing, when film offers for the Folies chapter started arriving. She was in London, still polishing, when Sol Siegel purchased the book as the basis for a musical to be produced in co-operation with MGM. Siegel is the independent producer of such films as *High Society*.

The exact purchase price is a secret, but whatever the sum, Constance, as an English taxpayer, won't see much of it. She is, however, determined to see that the book gets treated with dignity. "Cole Porter's doing the music," she says. "I'm glad. He'll keep it from getting sloppy." George Cukor will direct the film and John Patrick, who adapted *Teahouse of the August Moon* for the screen, will do the screen play.

At one point Siegel considered Gina Lollobrigida, the petulant Italian beauty, for the lead. When Gina was finally out of the running, Constance, who doesn't pretend to be a beauty, confided her relief to a newspaper reporter. "I'd have died if she'd got the part," she announced.

If Lollobrigida would have been miscast as Constance, Constance in turn seems miscast, to most of her acquaintances, as a sometime chorus girl. Her mousy English bob is combed into a soft roll; laughter and a generous smile have left lines on her thin alert face; she favors tartan suits and low-heeled suede walking shoes for daytime wear, collects old-fashioned jewelry and hates hats and gloves. In England she spends a lot of time entertaining her husband's business associates.

In fact, until the book came out, none of his friends and associates guessed that Weeks' slim, quiet-voiced Canadian wife had ever danced in public for anyone, let alone for the bald-headed row at the Folies. "I never thought to mention it," she explained.

She crossed a slim elegant ankle over a slim silken leg and contemplated it. "People have always thought I was an absolute razzler," she said reflectively (razzler is a private Tomkinson noun formed from razzle-dazzle). "I love to pretend I'm a razzler . . . but, of course, in a Canadian there's always the Puritan streak."

The ex-chorus girl leaned forward and added seriously, "Mother and I were talking it over and really, y'know . . . I've always been a bit of a bluestocking." ★



The west's happiest hunting ground

Continued from page 19

"Pheasants look clumsy but they're brilliantly evasive and even the best marksmen often miss"

tracts of the prairies from becoming a desert. Brooks became headquarters of the Eastern Irrigation District, a co-operative company belonging to sixteen hundred local farmers. The co-operative owns the Bassano Dam, on the Bow River, thirty-five miles northwest of Brooks. Through a link-up of ditches, lakes and a two-mile-long concrete aqueduct the co-operative irrigates two hundred thousand acres of wheat fields. Among the cattail grass, sweet clover, bulrushes, willows and poplars around the irrigation ditches pheasants find ideal cover. From insects and grain in the fields they derive an ideal diet.

The birds belong to the species *Phasianus colchicus torquatus*, or Chinese ring-necked pheasant, imported to this continent from Asia about a century ago. The male, to which hunting is restricted at Brooks, is slightly smaller than a domestic rooster. But its characteristic white collar, eighteen-inch tail, and plumage of orange and chestnut, barred with green and blue and speckled with crimson, reveal its excellent connections. It is a small cousin of the peacock.

It can run as fast as a baby ostrich or remain so still and craftily concealed that a hunter may tread within a yard and never see it. Usually it takes a dog to flush it. Its flaring noisy flight looks clumsy but is rapid and brilliantly evasive. The finest marksmen are not ashamed of missing it at thirty yards. When it is brought down the plump creamy flesh is so tasty that the great chef Escoffier used to break into exultant solos as he reached for wine in which to cook it.

With itchy trigger fingers, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Ole Olsen of Olsen and Johnson, and Lauritz Melchior, the opera

singer, have shot at Brooks and gone home to sing its glories. Olsen got his legal maximum of twenty-five pheasants in five days and was so delighted he carried a sixth to entertain Brooks children at a Hallowe'en party.

The arts have been represented at Brooks by the late Ben Ames Williams, a Boston novelist, and by the bird artist Richard E. Bishop of Philadelphia. Among millionaires who've hunted from private railroad cars on Brooks' sidings is Sewell L. Avery, former chairman of the giant Montgomery Ward department store in Chicago.

At Brooks this year Hubert Eton, a Californian in his mid-sixties, arrived with five companions, two hunting dogs, an armory of guns and three hundred and fifty dollars worth of shells in a custom-built eighty-thousand-dollar tractor trailer. This highway colossus requires two chauffeurs, for when Eton wants to cover the two thousand miles to Brooks in a hurry it travels day and night. Passengers in the luxurious trailer section drink cocktails, eat hot meals, shower and sleep while zooming along at sixty miles an hour. The ride is so smooth, they say, that they write letters en route. Eton is the owner of Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif., the world's most luxurious cemetery.

The typical hunting party at Brooks, however, travels somewhat less luxuriously. Usually it consists of six or eight U.S. shots in a station wagon that has a cage for two, three or four dogs. The men wear half boots, khaki windproof nylon pants and sack-pocketed jackets with a dash of protective scarlet in their shirts or in detachable flannel sleeves.

Since Brooks' hotels, motels and out-

IN THE

editors' confidence

Nonstop writer and artist-model



Writer Moon gets some facts from actor Robert Christie. To put them on paper she may go without sleep for two days.

We've commented in this column before on the lengths to which our contributors will go to achieve perfection. Well, the exhibits keep piling up and we have two more of them on view today.

Exhibit A (above): the shapely Miss Barbara Moon, who insists that she has on occasion stayed at her typewriter for fifty-six hours without a break to make a Maclean's deadline.

Exhibit B (right): the bearded Mr. James Hill, who dressed up in a bedsheet as part of his research into the painting illustrating our article on the Dead Sea scrolls (pages 8 and 9 and cover).

Mr. Hill, who looks more like Vincent van Gogh these days than Kirk Douglas does, says that his beard was also useful in preparing notes for the illustration (though he did not really grow it just for this purpose). He has recently bought a polaroid camera that produces finished photographs in one minute flat and this, in the capable hands of his wife, allows him to be his own model. All this was especially important in the Dead Sea illustration because folds in drapery, as Renaissance artists knew so well, are extremely difficult to paint in a lifelike manner. Mr. Hill did a copious amount of research and planning and then spent three weeks at his easel to produce this one.

Miss Moon is a Maclean's assistant editor with a special interest in the field of entertainment, and her story on the author of *Les Girls* appears on page 25 of this issue. As usual Miss Moon sat up all night without sleep to make the deadline.

She tells us that she is psychologically

incapable of composing by daylight. "I have to write the whole works at night, at a single sitting."

"Invariably," she adds, "I think I'm going to finish by morning, but I don't, usually. My typewriter keys have drummed up more dawns than I care to think about, while I huddle over them drinking cup after cup of coffee and chewing my fingernails. In this way I've sometimes written for thirty-six hours at a stretch — with a coffee break of course — and once for fifty-six hours at a stretch. But I've never yet managed daytime writing from a standing start."

Miss Moon says she knows this is silly. Also, she admits, it makes her an undesirable tenant. Now she has to come down to the office in the middle of the night to avoid complaining neighbors. Once they turned the heat off in her office and she had to type with gloves on—but she kept at it, nonetheless, brave, loyal girl that she is.

Why does she do it the hard way? Why doesn't she start writing earlier and get a good night's sleep? Just doesn't seem to work out that way, says Miss Moon. She finds all sorts of excuses to stay away from the typewriter until the last possible moment.

"Let's face it," she says. "The real reason I write at night is that, by the time I get around to writing, night's all that's left." ★



Artist Hill poses in bedsheet and beard for his own painting of Biblical times. He painted from photographs by his wife.

"The hunters crowd Brooks homes and back yards and give parties for their hosts and their neighbors."

lying lodges can accommodate only a fraction of the hunters many townspeople and surrounding farmers rent beds in basements, attics, spare rooms and even in garages and barns. They charge an average of five dollars a day, plus five dollars more for meals. Most householders have no spare room so they rent their back yards as parking lots to hunters willing to sleep in the station wagons.

Brooks women often make several hundred dollars for their family in a hunting season, renting space. They begin preparing for the rush weeks in advance. They hurry through bottling and canning, prepare roasts of beef and pork and bake pies for storage in the freezer; then they put up as many cots as they can pack into the house.

Florence Masters, wife of druggist Bill Masters, and other Brooks housewives make hats out of pheasant feathers and sell them to hunters who like to take home gifts for their wives. Bill Masters counts it a good day for the family when he can bring home a bag of brilliantly plumed birds to his wife for her hat-making. She sells her hats in the drugstore for about twenty-five dollars each.

Like Bill Masters, scores of Brooks men take their holidays in the hunting season. Some work as guides. They

charge between fifteen and twenty-five dollars a day.

Nobody has ever counted how much money hunters leave in Brooks each year, but estimates vary from sixty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. In addition to their quest for pheasants, the visitors also come for fun and are celebrated party-givers. Jim Nesbitt, editor of the Brooks Bulletin, says: "They give parties for the people they're staying with and for the neighbors. I reckon the people of Brooks are on first-name terms with more bigshots than those of any other community in Canada."

Like other Brooks men Nesbitt recognizes the windfall hunters bring each year. A couple of years ago he printed a gag copy of his paper for Leo Metzger, a millionaire from Santa Ana, Calif. When Metzger went home he was able to astonish friends with a headline story that described how for three days and nights, in a blinding blizzard, he had stalked and eventually shot a giant wolf that had been terrorizing Brooks for years, and how he had returned to Brooks on the brink of exhaustion to receive a wild ovation from the citizens. Nesbitt says: "I'm told the Californians fell for it, though there hasn't been a wolf in these parts for twenty years."

Another gesture to visitors is the annual Hunters' Ball. All the prettiest girls in town turn out and dance dutifully with any hunter who asks them.

Since many hunters arise before dawn the restaurants at Brooks open at 4:30 in the morning. Rib steaks, T-bone steaks, chop and cutlets are in great demand. When a meal is finished the waitress scrapes the bones from the plate, wraps them up and hands them to the customer for his dog.

At the opening of the season there are more than a thousand bird dogs in Brooks. Until a few years ago they were admitted in the evenings to Brooks' two beer parlors. Then one night a springer, a little worse for beer, took a spring at a stuffed pheasant on the bar of one of the parlors. A dozen more bird dogs, carried away, tried to snatch the stuffed bird away. The resulting free-for-all left the parlor in a shambles of overturned tables, broken glass and spilled ale.

Since then, to protect the parlors and the dogs as well, only hunters have been permitted inside.

Most of the dogs at Brooks are too valuable to risk in a scrap. A few years ago one setter changed hands for forty-eight hundred dollars. Most good dogs sell for at least five hundred dollars

each and grateful owners for whom they flush a good bag are the first to insist they're worth it.

The dog's job in the field is to zig-zag through the undergrowth, following the scent of pheasants until it finds them and drives them into the air. While the hunter fires the dog remains still. Then at a word of command it races off to retrieve dead birds.

Nothing deters a good dog from retrieving. This year one dog followed a wounded bird for half a mile across country. The bird dropped into a water-filled ditch with muddy, five-feet-high sides. The dog plunged in, got the bird in its mouth and started swimming. It couldn't scale the sides of the ditch. If the owner hadn't hurried up to lift the dog out it would have drowned.

George Mitchell, an Alberta government game biologist, says that hunters using dogs bag twice as many pheasants as those who don't. "We encourage dogs," he says, "because they reduce the number of cripples"—wounded birds that get away and die.

Every year it is one of Mitchell's jobs to count the number of pheasants around Brooks. He does this from an aircraft in winter when the birds are visible against the snow. He flies slowly over a number

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The people of Brooks are on first-name terms with more bigshots than those of any other town in Canada"

of poplar spinneys, willow thickets and irrigation ditches — known haunts of pheasants. Mitchell takes an average of the number of birds counted in each place, multiplies this by the known number of habitats, and so arrives at an approximation of the number of birds.

Since E. R. Jones' eggs were hatched in 1923 by barnyard fowls, the number has steadily increased. By 1939 there were enough pheasants around Brooks to justify the first open season. By 1945 hunters from all over Canada and the United States were pouring into the town.

In that year the game branch of the Alberta Department of Lands and Forests invested a hundred thousand dollars at Brooks in a hatchery—a group of huge chicken-wire pens and a building full of incubators. A young game warden named Jerry Pelchat was put in charge. Pelchat offered schoolchildren four cents for every wild pheasant egg they could bring to the hatchery. The children, in three weeks, collected eighteen thousand. One girl brought eight hundred. Had they been left in the fields, more than half the eggs would have been eaten by coyotes, skunks, crows and magpies. Safe in the incubators, nearly every egg produced a baby pheasant. These were kept in pens until they were three months old and

then released to augment the natural population.

After that, incubator-hatched pheasants were reduced to six thousand annually until 1951, when there was a disaster. That year a thaw followed by a late spring cold snap trapped an estimated three-quarters of the birds in the snow, under an icy crust, and wiped them out. When the snow melted carcasses were removed from the fields by the truck load.

Fourteen thousand eggs were imported from California at twenty-four cents each and placed in incubators. The birds from these eggs were released and they proved to be so prolific that the following season the pheasant population was back to normal.

Since the disaster most of the eggs incubated at the hatchery have been laid by a captive stock of hens. If Pelchat didn't take precautions this policy would result eventually in pheasants as tame as peacocks. To preserve wild instincts and the sporting element in hunting the parent hens are kept in captivity for only one season, then released. Then a fresh stock of parent hens is retained from the new batch of fledglings. These hens are always mated with cockerels born of wild eggs, which schoolchildren still collect.

Although pheasant shooting is a bo-

nanza to many, not everyone around Brooks is in favor of it. A tall lean blue-eyed Dane named Peter Jacobsen, who owns a three-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm, says: "The hunters have shot my house, shot my barn and shot my tractor. I saw one guy who'd had a bad day. He was so mad he shot one of my cows."

Jacobsen complains that hunters break down his fences, leave gates open and sometimes shoot wild swans. This year he took advantage of a new regulation that permits him to keep hunters off his land by posting "No Shooting" signs. But there's a catch to this. If he posts such signs he's not allowed to hunt himself.

"And I like pheasants," he says. "I want all the pheasants on my land for myself. They feed all year on my grain. They should be mine."

If Jacobsen gets his way — and landowners are allowed to rent land for shooting — the cost of hunting at Brooks will rise still higher. Already it is formidable. The average bag per hunter this year was just under three birds. Although it is impossible to calculate how much each bird costs each hunter some idea of the money involved may be derived from the arrangements for one party from Bellingham, Wash. Each man put two hundred and fifty dollars into a kitty to

pay for accommodation, food, guides, entertainment, ammunition, gifts and gas. On this basis one pheasant shot at Brooks costs about eighty dollars.

Is it worth it? Frank Bellinger, a Bellingham insurance-company executive who was a member of the party, says: "Of course."

When he gets home Bellinger likes to cook pheasant himself. He cuts a couple of birds into pieces. Then he boils the giblets in two cupfuls of water to make a stock. In a skillet he fries pieces of pheasant until they are a light golden brown and puts them in a covered fireproof dish. Then he pours in the stock. On top of this he pours red wine, either claret or burgundy, until the flesh is covered with liquid. He adds pepper, salt and a few herbs. After cooking gently in the oven for about two hours he skims the fat off the sauce, thickens the residue with a little flour and reheats for a few minutes in the oven. Then he shouts to his family, "Is everybody ready?" and carries the dish through to the dining room, high above his head in the grand manner of great chefs. "It makes a memorable meal," he says wistfully. "When it's all over I'm permitted to talk about pheasant hunting all evening and everybody listens to me." ★



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Parade

Those Christmas-shopping blues

If you're the tardy type and haven't even got your Christmas cards mailed yet, let alone your presents bought, be consoled by the experience of the lady early bird in Toronto. She shopped for Christmas bargains well before the shopping rush started, and among other irresistible offers pounced on a box of "100 cards—69c." Ever since, she's been wondering how long it will take her to use up a hundred, birthday cards.

* * *

We're dying to know how another Torontonian solves his Christmas-card problem this year. He's the fellow who confessed to us last year that, having bought



a box of assorted cards, he proceeded to mail the nicest ones to his best friends, then graded them all down to the cheapest-looking card which went to a chap he barely tolerated. The very next day he got the identical card from you-know-who.

* * *

We've heard of a woman—this one a schoolteacher in Orangeville, Ont.—who was almost ready to swear off doing her Christmas shopping early. Last year she took advantage of Nov. 11, when school was closed, to get off her order to a Toronto store for eight fancy baskets of fruit, cake, candy and jam to be sent to eight friends who live alone. Promptly came a thank-you note from the big store, saying the firm would be glad to look after her order—and a day or two after that the thank-you notes began arriving from all the surprised but appreciative friends. She was pretty upset about it all and gave the store a piece of her mind; with which the store just as promptly wrote a note of apology to all eight of her friends and to the lady herself, adding that the food hampers would be repeated at Christmastime, no extra charge.

* * *

If some folks around Orangeville were doubly well fed last Christmas season, others elsewhere were lucky to get any Christmas dinner at all. There was the family in Balmoral, Man., for instance,

where the woman of the house makes her Christmas pudding in a four-pound honey pail well ahead of time, so she only has to put the can on to boil when the big day comes. But last year when the main course was done and mother pried the lid off the honey pail, there she found four pounds of honey, piping hot after boiling an hour and a half.

* * *

It's the kiddies, of course, who really make Christmas, even if they drive parents mad. Such as the youngster whose father took him on the annual trek to toyland in Toronto, and proceeded to vanish in the Christmas rush when they were scarcely in the door of the big store. Father circled the entire store three times before he finally spotted the boy, second in line to see Santa. Relief smothering his anger, he noticed something else—the boy carried a Teddy bear in each hand. As father watched, the lad's turn came and he flung himself exuberantly on Santa, depositing the Teddy bears in his lap. The boy trotted off down the ramp, and as father stood there hypnotized Santa rolled his eyes and dumped the Teddy bears onto a pile of stuffed animals that almost engulfed his throne. Suddenly snapping out of it, pa darted through the crowd to the stuffed-toy counter and pounced on junior, all set to make his sixth trip back up the ramp to present dear old Santa with a large panda and a mother goose.

* * *

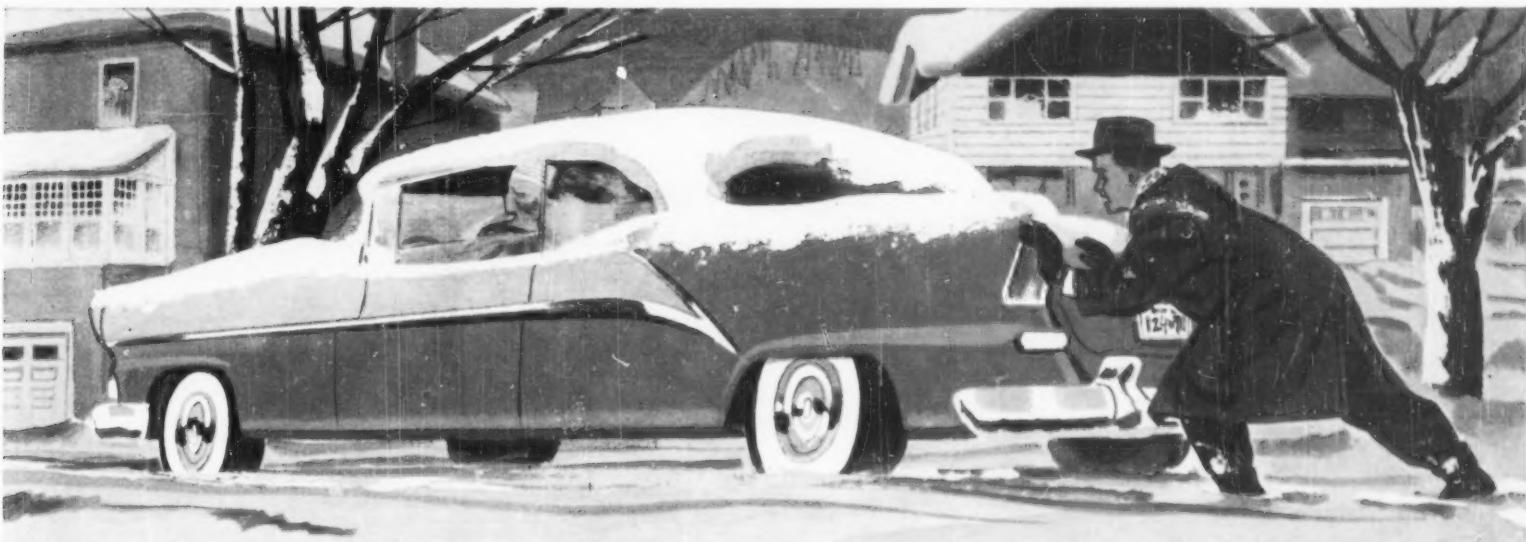
It was the main course itself that went missing from a dinner table in Madison, Sask. Around the middle of November this foresighted Christmas cook farmed out her twenty-nine-pound gobbler to some country friends to be fattened up



even more. Then came last year's big blizzard, two weeks before Christmas; half the fowl in the barnyard were found frozen stiff, but there was no trace of the gobbler from Madison. There wasn't, that is, until the day the farmer tried to scramble over one particularly high snowbank and fell through—and found himself almost astraddle the turkey, looking a bit wan but still very much alive. The gobbler had been imprisoned sixteen days in an igloo two feet wide, buried two feet down, and he'd lost seven pounds—but he'd missed Christmas by four days.

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